THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXIII—No. 1466

JANUARY 20, 1932

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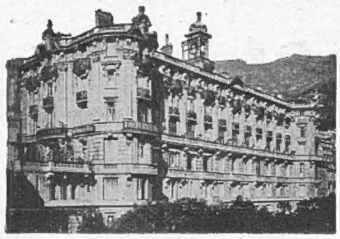
CONTINENTAL HOTELS



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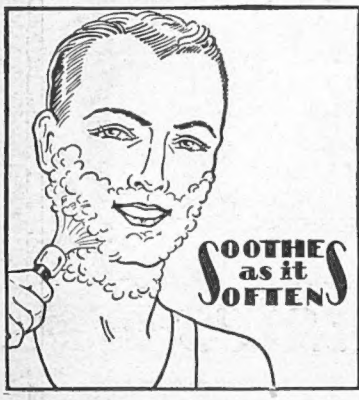

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Brussels, Place Rogier.—Grand Hotel Albert Ier & Terminus-Nord.—1st Grade, Entirely New. Tel. Ad. Terminord. Bruxelles.

FRANCE.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. Phone ev. rm. V. lge. garden.

Cannes.—Balmoral.—New select Eng. fam. Hotel. Garden. From Frs. 50. R. Longhini, prop., late H. W. Windsor. Monte Carlo.

Cannes.—Hôtel Beau Site.—300 rooms with bath. 6 private tennis courts free. Dancing nightly. Beautiful grounds.

Cannes.—Hotel du Pavillon.—Fam. Hotel 120 Rms. Running Water. Private Baths. Park, direct access to sea. Pen. fm. Frs. 50.

Cannes.—Hotel Suisse.—One minute from Croisette. Central and quiet situation. Moderate terms. A. Keller, Prop.

Juan-les-Pins (A.M.)—"Le Provencal."—Europe's most distinguished hotel. Open all the sunny year round. Casino.

Marseilles.—Grand Hotel de Geneve. Restaurant overlooking Vieux Port. Moderate terms. Every comfort.

Menton.—Hotel des Ambassadeurs. Central, quiet and moderate. 80 rms. Garden. New English proprietors. Messrs. Sewell.

Menton.—Hotel des Anglais.
On the Front.
A home from home.

Menton.—Rives d'Azur.—English Management. Sea front, sunny garden. Terms from Frs. 45.

Menton.—Hotel Britannia & Beau Site, an English Hotel facing the sea, sun garden. 140 rooms, reduced inc. terms. G.H. Sewell.

Menton.—New Club.—Residential. Bridge. Billiards. Lounges. Restaurant. 30 Bedrooms. Lift. For particulars apply Hon. Sec.

Menton (A.M.)—Two really good hotels. **The Carlton.**—Seaside, most comfortable. **The Gallia.**—In its palm garden.

Menton.—Gd. Hotel du Louvre.—Near Casino. Large garden, Tennis, Garage. Latest comfort. Terms from Frs. 65.

Menton.—Majestic and Suisse.
The leading family hotel of Menton.

Menton.—Hotel Mediterranée, 150 rooms, all comfort. Tennis, garage, terms from 10/-.

Menton.—Hotel de Venise.—World renowned. 200 rooms, 100 baths. In own park. Central. Sunny. Moderate.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—Newest first-class family Hotel of distinction. Greatest comfort at moderate terms. 200 rooms.

FRANCE—continued.

Nice.—Hotel Majestic.—For real air, real sun, real fun, real comfort, real rest. Same management as Palais de la Mediterranée, Casino.

Nice (A.M.).—Pacific Hotel.—12, Rue Rivoli. New family Hotel. Every comfort. Central. Terms from Frs. 60 incl

St. Raphael.—Grand Hotel.—Splendid sit. in large grounds. All comfort. Pension from Frs. 50.

PARIS.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Hotel St. Petersbourg.—33/35 Rue Caumartin. Brit. fam. Hotel. Every mod. com. Same hotel: Hotel des Balances, Lucerne.

Paris.—Terminus Lyon Hotel.—Facing P.L.M. station. Last comfort. Rooms from Frs. 25.

MONACO (Principality).

Monte Carlo.—Hotels Bristol & Majestic.—Facing sea, near Casino, 200 rooms Special low Winter Terms. Pension from Frs. 50.

Monte Carlo.—Etrangers.—1st cl. H. & C. rng. water. Long or short stay. Full pension from Frs. 55. English clientele.

Monte Carlo.—Gd. Hotel Terminus.—Opp. Casino, Gdns. & Beach, 1st cl., Pens. fr. Frs. 60, with bath Frs. 75, with suite Frs. 100.

Monte Carlo.—Royal Hotel.—First-class British Hotel. Full South. Garden. Full Pension from Frs. 70.

Wiesbaden.—GERMANY.

Schwarzer Bock.—The best renowned hotel and bath house, Kochbrunnen. 280 beds. All comfort. Inclusive from Mk. 10.

ITALY.

Sunny San Remo.—Hotel Royal.—200 rooms. 120 baths. Luxury and comfort at moderate prices.

SWITZERLAND.

Berne.—Bellevue Palace and Bernerhof.—The only first-class Hotel overlooking river and Bernese Alps. Manager, F. Eggiman.

Chesieres-Villars.—Le Chamossaire. Fam. hotel. Bright and comfortable. Free service of Sleighs to Villars. 10 minutes.

Crans S/Sierre.—Hotel Continental Majestic.—Right up to date. All winter sports. From 10/- inclusive.

Lausanne.—The Belvedere Hotel.—1st cl. fam. hotel. Hot and cold running water. Priv. bathroom. Incl. terms, Fr. 13 to 18.

The Bystander, January 20, 1932

the BYSTANDER

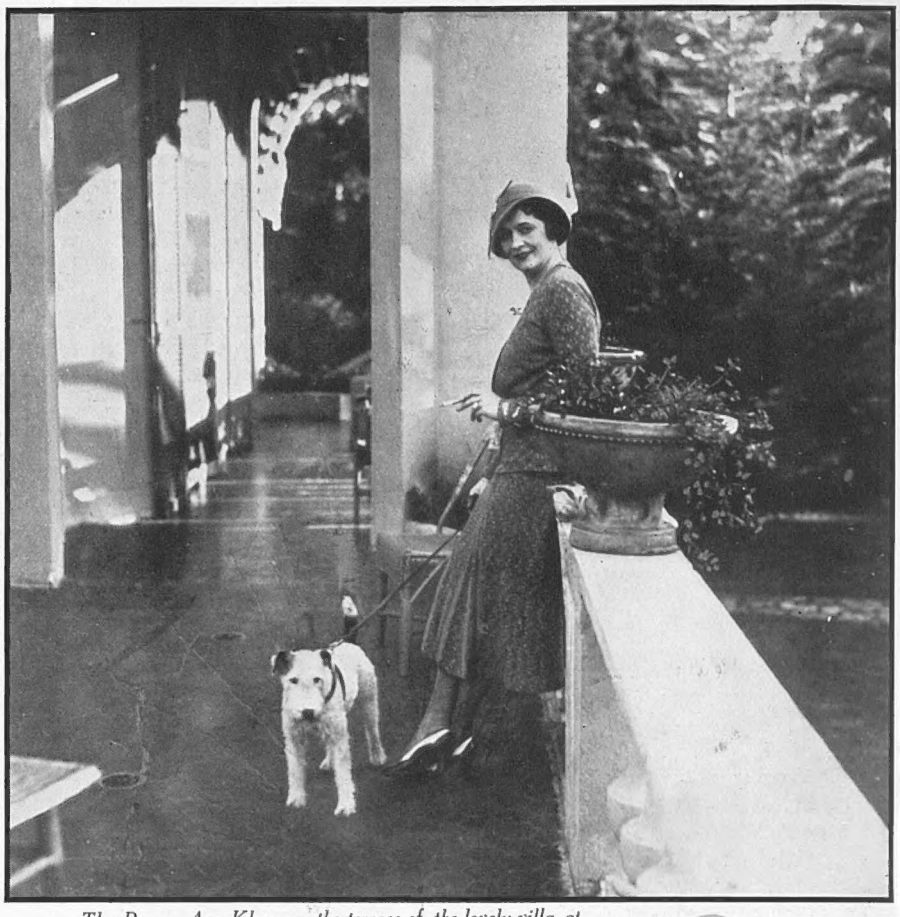
No. 1466 Vol. CXIII.

The nine bridesmaids in the scarlet ring velvet dresses. They are: Miss Jocelyn Wingfield, Miss Dianah Hordern, Miss Lucile Brokaw, Lady Ann Child-Villiers, Lady Joan Child-Villiers, Miss Diana Wellesley, The Hon. Sheila Berry, Miss Ann Coates and Miss Rose Bingham.

The young Earl of Jersey and his eighteen-year-old bride, Miss Pat Richards, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding last week. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Richards, wore a wonderful veil which is an heirloom in the Jersey family, and was once the property of Marie Antoinette

ITEMS FROM ABROAD

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, the famous author, playing in the Blackmer Cup competition at Cagnes, near Nice. He is seen putting as much punch into his drive as he gets into his "thrillers"



The Begum Aga Khan on the terrace of the lovely villa at Cap d'Antibes, where she and her husband are spending a Riviera holiday. Before her marriage in 1929 she was Mlle. Andrée Carron, and is very popular in Society in this country and on the Continent

More competitors in the recent Blackmer Cup competition at Cagnes. The left photograph shows Mr. F. Lazenby (left), Mr. L de Langley, and M. P. Dubonnet on their way to one of the greens, and on the right is the Aga Khan, whose sartorial watchword was evidently "Comfort before Elegance"

the passing hour

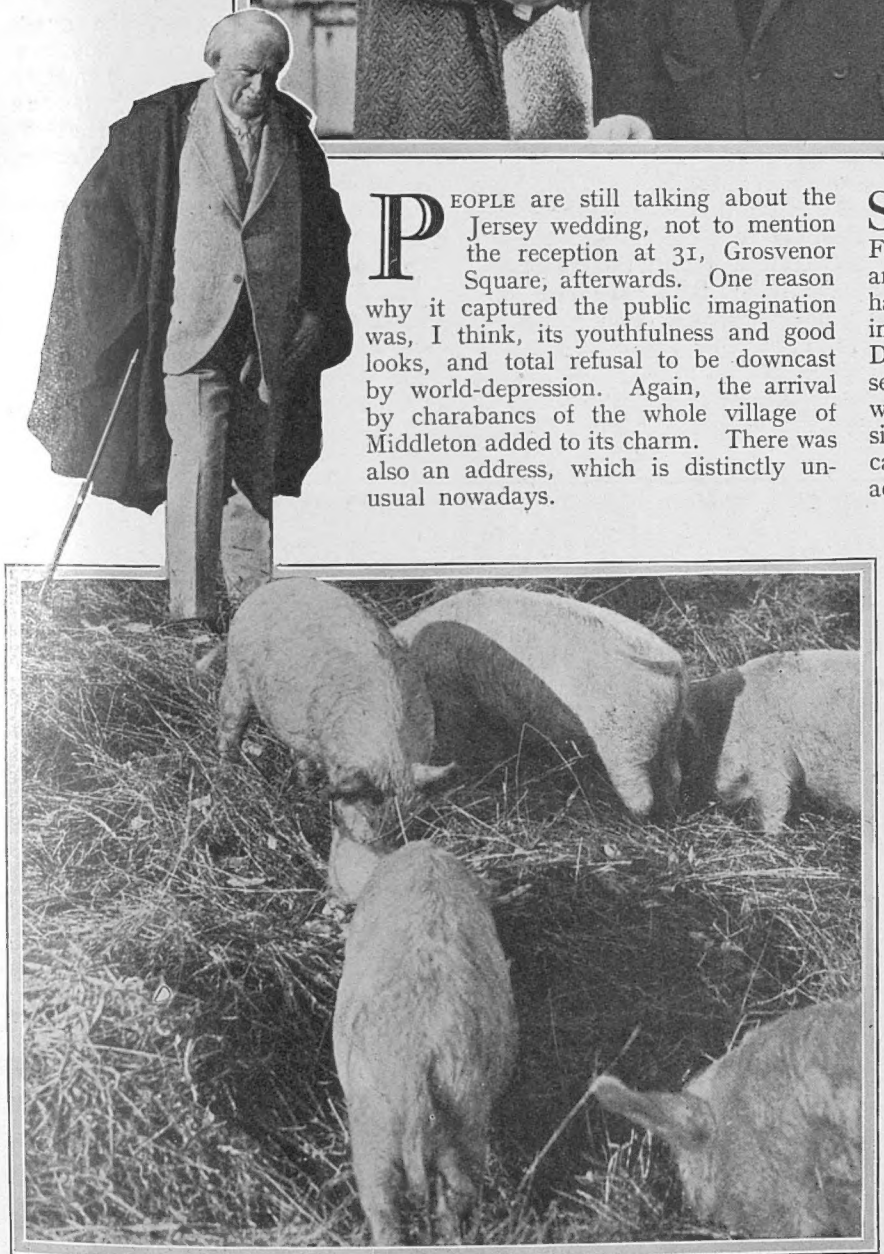
Mr. Winston Churchill, convalescent again after having been nearly "bumped off" by a motor car when crossing a New York street, seen with his wife and daughter. His photograph was taken on the S.S. Majestic when en route for a rest in the Bahamas before starting his lecture tour in the U.S.A.

PEOPLE are still talking about the Jersey wedding, not to mention the reception at 31, Grosvenor Square, afterwards. One reason why it captured the public imagination was, I think, its youthfulness and good looks, and total refusal to be downcast by world-depression. Again, the arrival by charabancs of the whole village of Middleton added to its charm. There was also an address, which is distinctly unusual nowadays.

SO crowded was St. Margaret's that cousins of the bridegroom, like Mr. Frank Pakenham and his wife, who arrived rather late, had to sit on the right-hand aisle with the tenants. The tenants, in turn, showed the acutest interest in the Dowager Lady Jersey, whom they had not seen for a long time. They half-stood up when she came in. Later, during the signing of the register, their mouths became all buttoned up when she did not accompany Lady Cynthia Slessor and Mrs. Richards to the vestry, but broke into broad beams of appreciation when the bridegroom sent word specially for her to join him.

LATER on the tenants all made their way to the reception at Lord Leigh's house. They were accommodated in the servants' hall, and Lord Jersey went downstairs and made them a speech. No fewer than 706 guests came to the reception—three hundred more than had accepted, and at one moment the dining-room floor heaved ominously. However, there was Pommery 1921 for everybody, and everything was very gay.

SARTORIALLY, Lord Birkenhead, the best man, was noticeable for his bow-tie, a fashion which has gone out completely. Lord Stanley of Alderly was also conspicuous in a rather short grey morning-coat. He was telling his friends that he was the only correctly dressed man present. Opinions differ. His fiancée, Lady Audrey Talbot, is marrying him at Southwark Cathedral in a month or two.



The political Ulysses finds his possessions, but not on Circe's Island. One of the first things Mr. Lloyd George did on his return from his recent health trip to Ceylon was to inspect the livestock on his farm at Churt, where he is seen, complete with Byronic cloak, admiring the pigs

MAINLY ABOUT OURSELVES

Members of No. 14 (B) Squadron, Royal Air Force, stationed at Amman, in Transjordania, accord a warm welcome to "The Bystander." The letter which accompanied the above photograph tells us that, "No matter how tired we are, what the weather is doing, or how lonely we feel miles from anyone, there is always a rush for 'The Bystander,' and it is enjoyed by all alike. Even our native 'boy' enjoys it—he cannot read English, but he loves the pictures"

That's what they say about us in Transjordania.

READ

"THE BYSTANDER"

Among the many outstanding features in this number worth reading are:

MADGE GARLAND
writes authoritatively on the
LATEST HATS
among other matters.

NORMAN THWAITES
on
"The Menace of Disarmament."

ROUND & ABOUT
A Feminine Causerie of Mayfair
Dress and Fashions by
JANE GORDON

"CAVIARE"
gossips intimately and daringly about "well-knowns" in "Hors d'Œuvres."

VERNON WOODHOUSE
on
"Gaiety Nights, Past and Present."

A BRIDESMAIDS' PARTY

OF the bridesmaids, Miss Lucile Brokaw attracted most attention. She is only sixteen, but looks entirely sophisticated, especially as she wears two rings on her wedding finger. This is because she has an injured middle finger on her right hand, and so cannot wear them on that hand. Miss Sheila Berry, another of the bridesmaids, is a charming person, who has had a great success ever since she came out.

Bertram Park

Miss Phyllis Spender-Clay, whose engagement to Mr. Philip Nichols, M.C., of H.M. Diplomatic Service. She is the daughter of the Rt. Hon. H Spender-Clay, P.C., C.M.G., M.C. M.P., and of the Hon. Mrs. Spender-Clay, the sister of Viscount Astor

NEARLY all the débutantes of the last two years have been vivacious, amusing, and the possessors of great taste in dress. Gone are the dull young things with red hands and white dowdy frocks who used to epitomise the débutante. Nowadays they have red finger-nails, beautiful skins, and clothes so smart as to put most of the young marrieds to shame. I am thinking particularly of girls like Miss Betsan Horlick and Miss Rose Bingham.

THE night of the wedding a small bridesmaids' party was given at Lady Cynthia Slessor's house, and several other parties were held at restaurants. Actually, there was no connection between the one given by Mr. Gavin Henderson and the wedding, though several of the wedding guests were present at it. The scene was Quaglino's, and it was a very entertaining affair.

AMONG the guests were Lady Seafield and her husband, Mr. Derek Studley - Herbert; Mr. J. M. Keynes, the economist; Mrs. J. M. Keynes, who was formerly Lopokova; Lady Diana Gibb; Mr. and Mrs. Evan Morgan; Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Guinness; Mr. Patrick Bellew, the humorist, and Lady Guernsey. Mrs. Keynes told me that there is going to be a Russian ballet season in London next year, and that she hopes to get Anton Dolin to dance. It is a

(Continued on page 102)

Miss Peggy St. Clair, who represented Australia, with the kangaroo which also took part in the pageant at the Empire Development Ball at Grosvenor House last week. It was held with the object of raising funds for the Empire Development Association

"TALLY-HO!" The United Hunt's Ball at the SAVOY

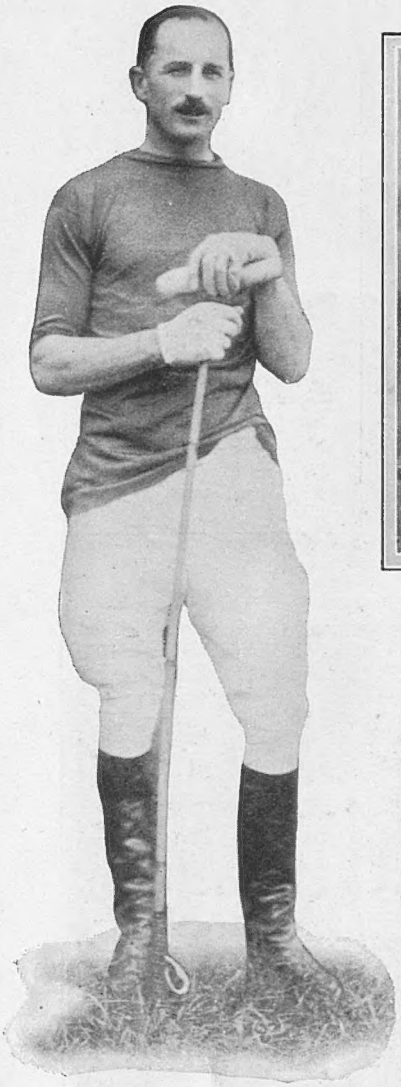
Left: Colonel and Mrs. William Selby-Lowndes, Mrs. J. Clark, and Sir Reginald and Lady Cruise watching the dancing

Caught by the camera between dances. Seen above are Sir Archibald Weigall, Lady Birkenhead, Mr. David Nevin, Miss Priscilla Weigall, Miss Paravicini, and Mr. Archibald Graves

Sir Walter Gilbey seen at the United Hunt's Ball Hunting people from all over the country forgathered at the Savoy for this annual event, and a pleasant informality was the keynote of the proceedings

Watching the cabaret at the ball when the usual uniform black and white of the men's dress was relieved by a liberal amount of bright hunting coats. The orchestra, wearing pink coats, played "John Peel" and other old hunting songs, and a horn-blowing contest were features of the evening

A NEW ENGLISH TENNIS HOPE



W. A. Rouch

Colonel H. A. Tomkinson, who was recently appointed Manager of the King's racing stable. He is the well-known International polo player

W. A. Rouch

The Earl and Countess of Kimberley, who succeeded to the title on the death last week of the former's father, the second Earl. The new Earl was formerly Lord Wodehouse, and is the world-famous polo player who did so much to popularise that game in this country

(Continued from page 100)

possibility, too, that she may stage a Woolworth ballet. It sounds rather good fun.

ALSO at Quaglino's that night was a party given by Mrs. de Pena. Whether it was because Lord Milford Haven was one of the party I do not know, but the fact remains that she had three flat white feathers in her hair. Then somebody stole them, and they were passed round from table to table with distinctly entertaining results. Later on her party went to the Bobbin.

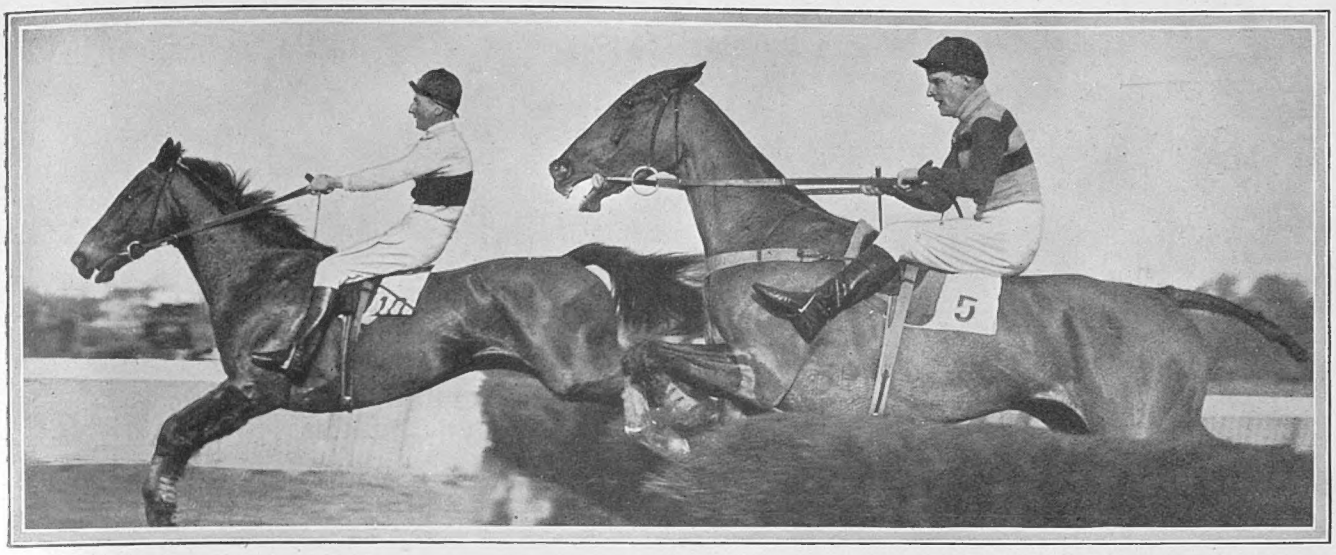
HERE on the Riviera, writes our correspondent, we are all talking about the new tennis stars, Miss Sheila Hewitt, who is barely seventeen, and has distinguished herself by sweeping the board at Cannes and doing very well at Monte Carlo, and her partner, John Leader, of seventeen and a half. They are the most refreshing couple to watch, very English, very young, and—thank goodness—appear to play for love of the game, are sporting, hard-hitting, and cheerful! Miss Hewitt is obviously going to be one of the English "hopes." She is Admiral Hewitt's daughter, and I am told her sister of thirteen and a half is as good a player as she! Consequently, these two may add reflected glory to our already popular service!

Mlle. Suzanne Alphand and Mr. M. E. Fitzgerald, whose wedding will take place in Paris very shortly. The former is the daughter of His Excellency the French Minister to Dublin

THE Hôtel Metropôle at Monte Carlo, with M. Scheck at the helm, seems indifferent to financial crashes and enhances its reputation year by year. Their famous Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, has been redecorated, and is now a delightfully proportioned room in pure Provençal style. It was the scene of great revelry on New Year's Eve, when a most original and charming operette, *Au Gui l'An Neuf*, was performed. Sir Walter and Lady de Frece entertain here often; Baroness Orczy and her husband are frequent visitors, while Mrs. Vigo Hansen adopted the American idea and gave a ladies' luncheon, which included the Duchesse d'Olyka, Princess Wrede, Princess Demidoff, and Lady Tennant. Among the hotel guests are Mr. Ralph Lynn and his wife, Miss Elizabeth Ryan and Mrs. Satterthwaite, who are competing in the Monte Carlo tennis tournament. Mrs. McAdam, of

Lady Carisbrooke (right) and Miss Nell St. John Montague, the Chairman of the Ladies' Committee at Ciro's, serving tea to men from various military hospitals who were guests of the Club. They were given a special entertainment, which included the Kentucky Singers, who have have done wonderful work in regularly going round singing to the patients in the military hospitals

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK



Taking the last fence in the Amateurs' Handicap Steeplechase at Hurst Park, won by Sir P. G. Lawson's Asperant (owner up), seen lying close behind Steady Johnny, which finished second. Sir Peter hopes to ride this horse, which he bought only a little time ago, in the Grand National and the Grand Military

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

CAN'T GRUMBLE, installed favourite, was one of three heavily backed horses for the Mortlake Hurdle Race over two miles at Hurst Park, was strongly contesting the lead two hurdles from home, but bungled the last jump badly. Losses will be recovered.

DROMKEEN gave supporters of the consistent hurdler, Jericho, a shock at Hurst Park, being beaten by half-a-length only, a very game display. Had many friends in the market.

GAZONIT was a strong order at Gatwick, and in defeat was not disgraced. Jumped well and travelled fast on the flat. Follow up over hurdles.

PRINCE GROSVENOR, a useful plating hurdler, displayed form at Hurst Park. Worth following. Was backed with confidence.

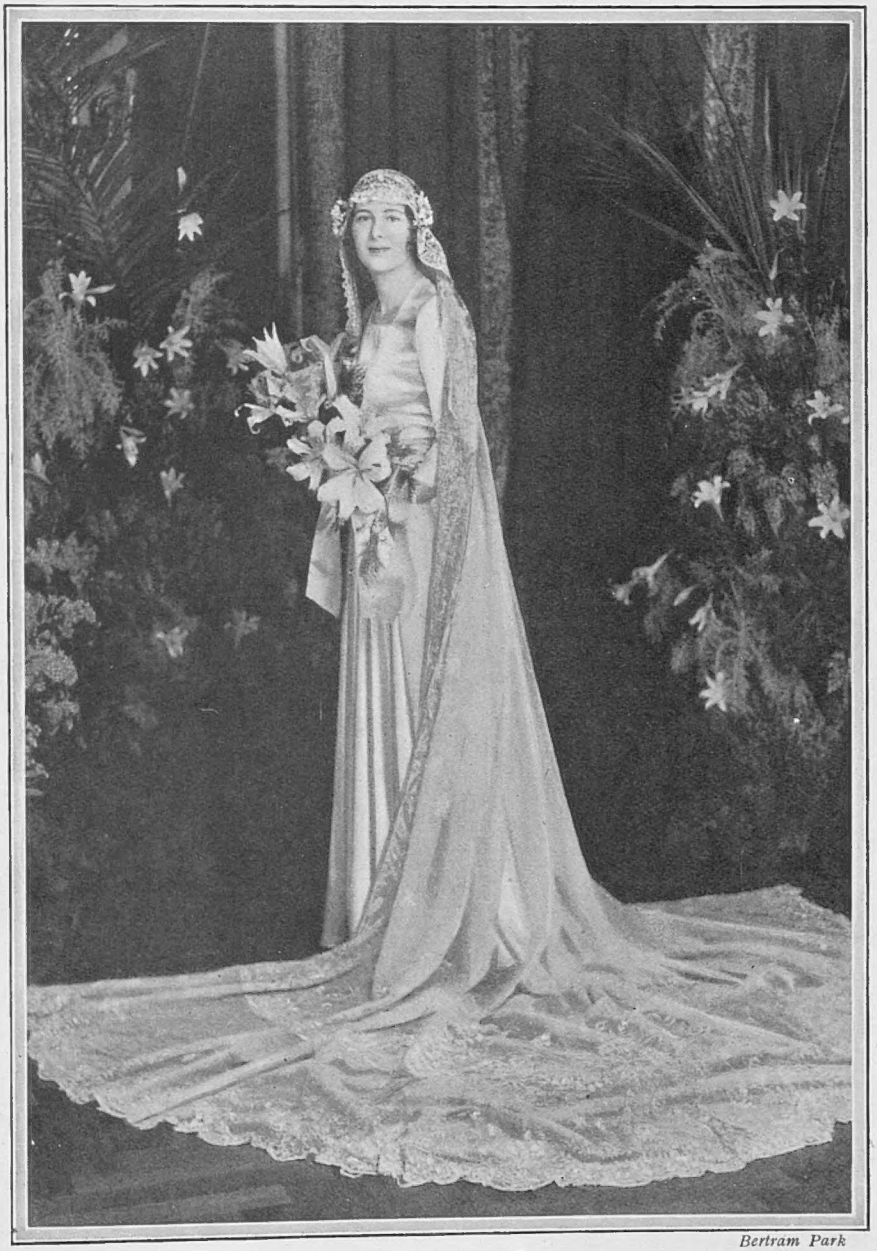
CASTLETOWN is now coming back to his best, and is a sure winner before long. Goes well for his owner, and should not be missed.

THE WRECKER looked a certainty at the last Hurdle at Hurst Park, but tired on the flat. Was heavily backed and started second favourite. Should earn winning brackets in the near future.

Craigengillan, is back again, and Colonel and Mrs. V. H. Lang are other distinguished guests.

MR. P. G. WODEHOUSE, who is staying with his wife at the Carlton Hotel, Cannes, was playing golf at Cagnes with Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, but I was not sufficiently near them to discover whether they were better golfers or story-tellers—I am inclined to believe the latter. Mrs. Wodehouse is a great gambler, and has been at Cannes Casino for several evenings running until 5 a.m., which must imply a definite liking for the game! The "Dolphin" is Cannes' latest night club, and among its many patrons are Lady Orr-Lewis and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Arlen. Sir Henry Norman is staying

(*Continued on page 105*)

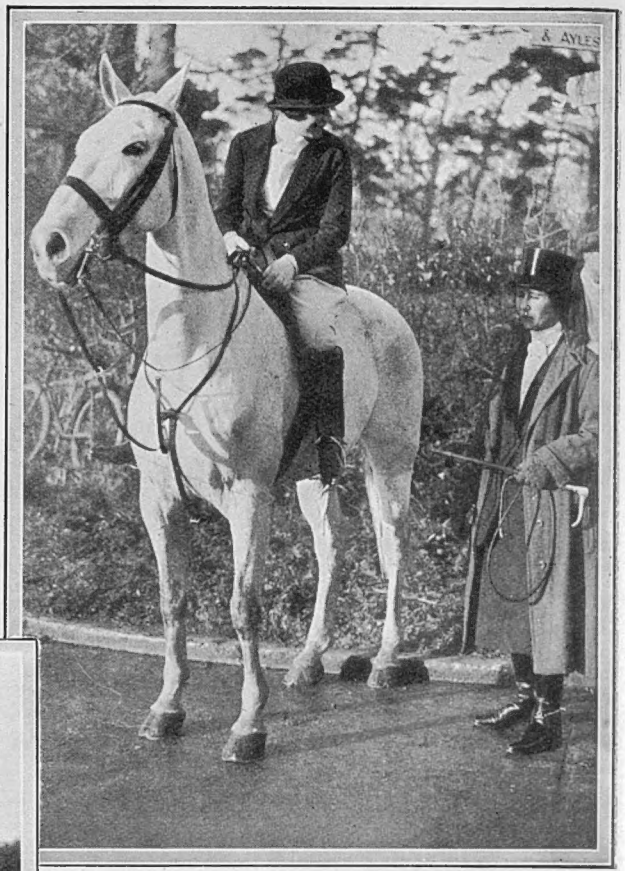


Bertram Park

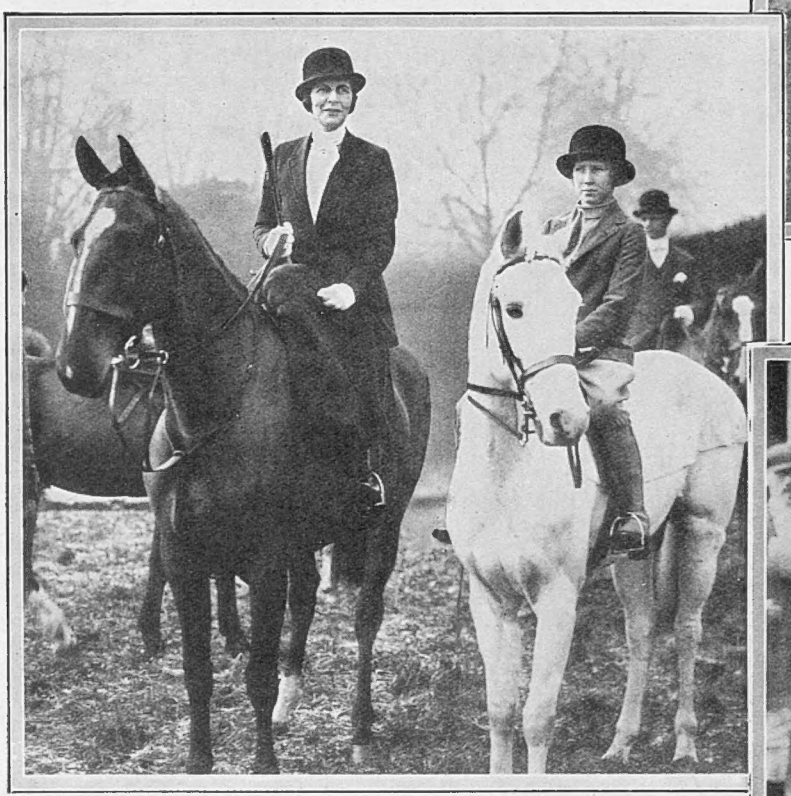
Miss Loïs Adeline Walker photographed after her wedding to Mr George Nickerson, son of the late Mr. George Nickerson and of the Hon. Lady Hood, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, last week. The bride is the daughter of the late Capt. Oswald Walker and of Mme. de Juge Montespieu

MORE HUNTING CELEBRITIES

The Earl of Westmorland and Lord Apsley at a recent meet of the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds. It was held at Foxley Green, near Malmesbury



Two followers of the Bicester and Warden Hill discussing prospects at the meet held at Granborough, near Winslow. They are Miss Joan Robinson (left) and the Hon. Mrs. Gilbey



The middle left-hand photograph, taken at the children's meet of the Old Berkeley at Latimer House, the seat of Lord Chesham, shows Lady Chesham with Miss Barbara McNeill, one of the young followers. The two lower photographs are of the Cottesmore Hounds at Stapleford. On the left the Countess of Brecknock and the Hon. Mrs. F. C. Cripps are seen chatting with Mrs. W. E. Leslie, who is at the wheel of her car, and on the right Lady Irene Cubitt and Lady Manton are seen waiting for their horses

A LOSS TO BRITISH YACHTING

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Francis, who have recently celebrated the second anniversary of their wedding. Mrs. Francis, who was well known on the stage as Miss Sunny Jarman, recently had her long fair hair cut short

(Continued from page 103)

with his mother-in-law, Lady Aberconway, at the Château de Paroupe. He is hoping to have his play produced by a repertory company in February, and if successful we may see it in London this spring.

SEVERAL more weddings are listed for the near future. In addition to Lady Audrey Talbot's at Southwark Cathedral, there is the wedding of Miss Betty Manners at the Guards' Chapel, and that of Miss Molly le Bas at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The Duke of Rutland is giving away Miss Manners, and Lady Rose Paget will be one of the bridesmaids.

THE death of Sir Howard Frank is a serious blow to British yachting, which was already staggering under the loss of Sir Thomas Lipton and Sir William Portal. Sir Howard Frank had a succession of yachts between six and nineteen metres in length, buying and selling them at the rate of almost one a year. Among those which he has owned have been Norada, which now belongs to Victor Warrender, Lamorna, Astra, and Cynara.

LAMORNA is a 250-ton schooner which did the fastest time from Dover to Heligoland ever achieved by a sailing yacht. She did it at an average of something like sixteen knots. Astra used to belong to Sir Mortimer Singer, and is a 75-footer. Cynara was his last, but it is unlikely that his widow will race her this year.

PARIS, I hear, is distinctly quiet. Mr. Bob Sweeney, the brother of Charles, went over to see how gay it was last week, and found it extremely quiet. Worse still, he came back during a storm, and the boat bounced up and down for an hour and a half outside Dover harbour, quite unable to get into port. Berlin, by contrast, is quite gay. The Esplanade Hotel is full of international bankers, and the night clubs are crowded with people spending money while it has a purchasing capacity.

IN London there are at least five very well-known young couples who are secretly engaged. I met a gossip writer last week wringing his hands because he feels that he must not announce them. The Jersey wedding, incidentally, is likely to lead to several more. It is amazing what a successful wedding will do in this respect, and not only with the bridesmaids.

Bassano

Miss Felicity Warner, whose engagement to Major J. P. Robinson, King's Royal Irish Hussars, has been announced. She is the second daughter of Brig.-General W. W. and the Hon. Mrs. Warner, of Burwell House, Cambs, and Whitehall Court

Miss Mollie Lamont, the young B.I.P. star, who will act as one of the hostesses at the Film Star Ball, to take place at Olympia on January 29. Arranged by British International Pictures and its subsidiary companies, it is estimated that 5,000 people will be present at the greatest film gathering ever held on this side of the Atlantic

"Hors d'Oeuvres"

by CAVIARE

MISS LUCILE BROKAW, the sixteen year-old bridesmaid to Miss Pat Richards, now Lady Jersey, has had so much publicity that some of the debutantes are quite jealous. They used to have to compete only with older girls and young married women, but if the competition is to extend to the nursery, it is hard luck. Lady Pamela Smith has also been proclaimed as a beauty, photographed, and gossip-paragraphed-about since she was twelve, and so has Mrs. Dudley-Ward's eldest daughter. No wonder our nineteen-year-olds are sophisticated enough to make us think they are at least thirty.

* * *

TALKING of Lady Jersey, what a fairy-tale romance! and so a great many Mayfair mamas think, too, being very jealous for their ugly ducklings. However, there is still Lord Birkenhead, Lord Donegall, Lord Milton, and the almost-despaired-of Lord Sefton.

* * *

I AM so tired of writing about slim, sylph-like people. I shall now speak of some who are just slightly—only very slightly, of course,—plump, and all the more attractive for it. Mrs. Jack Coats—she is golden-haired and very gay and charming. No one could call her thin, but she goes wonderfully on a horse. Lady Adare, who is to be seen everywhere and is a most energetic dancer. She has thousands of friends. Lady Lettice Ashley Cooper doesn't mind being ragged by her friends; she is contented and happy; and our one and only "Oggie" Lynn says, "Laugh and grow fat," so, as we all adore her, we must do as she says.

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN Society hostess has barred a young married couple, much talked about, from her house. She says her cellar won't stand for it, or rather them.

* * *

MRS. FRANCIS FRANCIS'S, or, if you prefer it, Miss Sunny Jarman's, sacrifice of her blonde plaits has caused almost as much comment as when Lady Portarlington cut her long hair. Lady Portarlington's head is very distinguished, brushed sideways, and very tidy, but her golden hair really hung past her knees, and it seems sad that her "crowning glory" should have been clipped away.

THE GALLANT LEICESTERS

One hundred and fifty years ago (on January 3, 1777), the 17th Foot, now the Leicestershire Regt., only about 250 strong and commanded by Col. Mawhood, encountered a large force of the American Army, personally conducted by Gen. Geo. Washington.

In the mist of dawn the little British force, regardless of the overwhelming odds, at once attacked, drove the leading troops of the enemy through an orchard and . . .

If you buy "The Bystander" next week you will find a magnificent full colour plate by Gilbert Holiday depicting the charge and details of the action. As yet this historic charge has not been commemorated on the Battle Honours of the Regiment.

BUY THE BYSTANDER

Yevonde

A clever photograph of Lady Pamela Smith, the younger daughter of the late Lord Birkenhead. She is among the debutantes of the coming season

WHAT great friends are Lady Carisbrooke and Miss Nell St. John Montague, who, of course, is the famous clairvoyante. Lady Milford-Haven's greatest friend is Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt, who is a twin to Lady Furness, and Lady Melchett is seldom seen without Lady Diana Gibb. These are all friends of long standing—tried and true.

* * *

"EDDIE" WARD, one of the famous Ward twins, seems to have got into a lot of trouble and, I imagine, unwelcome publicity over his taxi fare. It seems a pity nowadays to give the "Reds" a handle for complaint for the sake of a few shillings. The Ward twins were always impulsive, and impulsiveness is sometimes not allied with wisdom.

* * *

"WHO has the most lovely hands?" someone asked. Cecil Beaton, who ought to know, said Mrs. Cunningham-Reid Someone else suggested Lady Buchanan-Jardine. A stage fan said Miss Heather Thatcher, and a young man bet on Lady Bridget Poulett.

"EMBASSY-ITES"

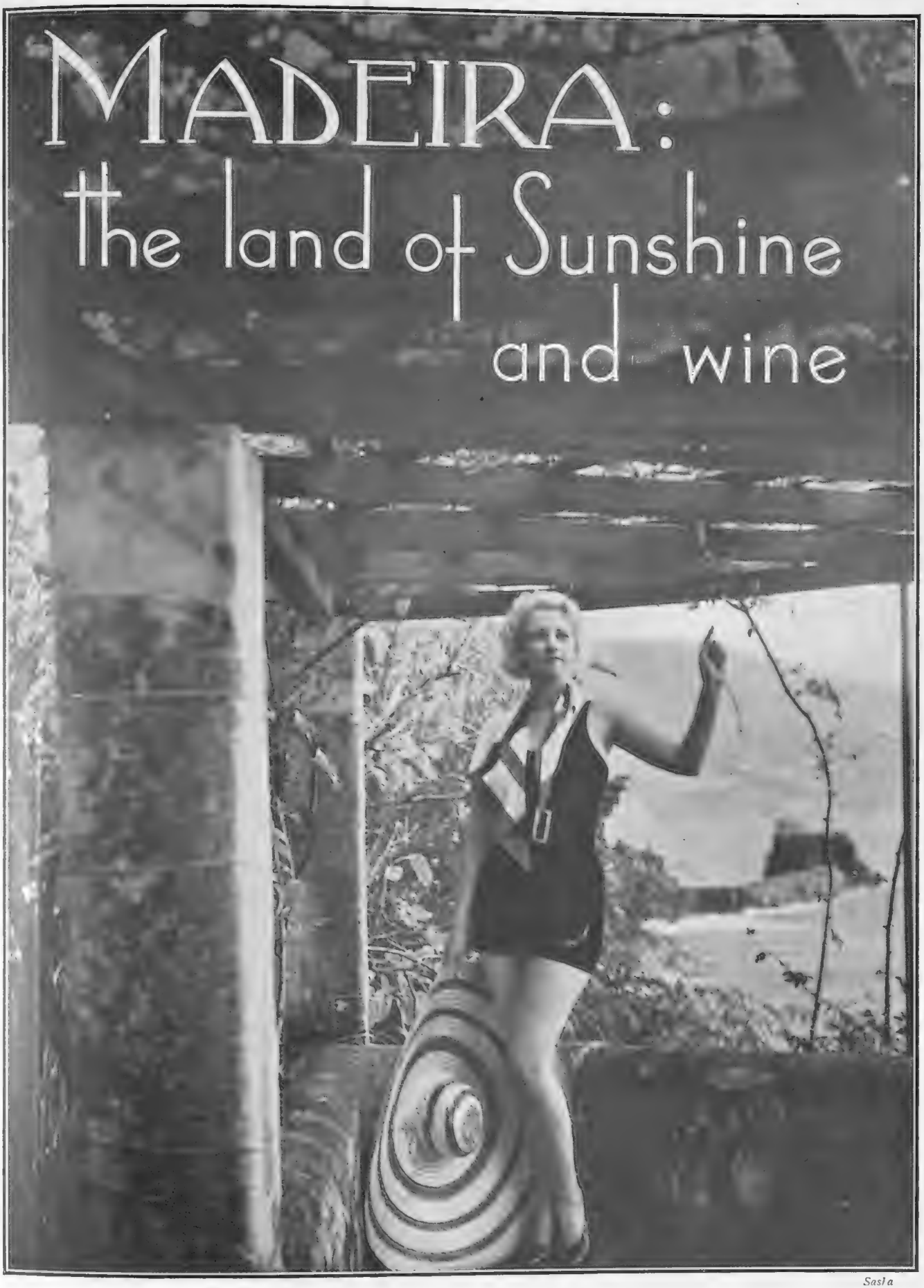
THE first correct solution to be opened in this competition was submitted by MRS. ROBERT CUNNINGHAM-REID, of 12, Upper Brook Street, W.1, to whom the First Prize of £2 2s. is awarded in accordance with the rules governing the competition.

The second correct solution opened was submitted by MR. R. V. HOLLAND, 20, Lowndes Square, S.W.1, who will receive as a Special Consolation Prize six months' free subscription to THE BYSTANDER.

The correct solution to the twelve figures shown in the drawing is:—

1. The Hon. Mrs. C. Baillie-Hamilton.
2. The Hon. Alison Hore-Ruthven.
3. Mrs. John Bevan.
4. Lady Bridget Poulett.
5. The Countess of Portarlington.
6. Mrs. Rex Colclough.
7. Miss Margaret Whigham.
8. Miss Rose Bingham.
9. Lady Veronica Hornby.
10. Lady Buchanan-Jardine.
11. Lady Ashley.
12. Mrs. A. C. McCorquodale.

MADEIRA: the land of Sunshine and wine



Sasha

Madeira, the island of beauty and sunshine, increases in popularity as a resort year by year. A great impetus has been given to the number of English visitors this winter, thanks to the fact that a pound is there worth twenty shillings. The many activities of the Island, including banks and hotels, are financed by British capital, as is the famous wine industry. Above is a picture of Iza Kilpatrick, the film star, admiring a vista from a pergola in this sunny island. Further pictures dealing with this resort of to-day, and still more of to-morrow, will be found on the three following pages

MADEIRA — The Sunshine Island

Above : Returning bronzed from Madeira. Miss Betty Balfour, the famous film star, with Sir Ewen Maclean, M.D., F.R.C.P., J.P., and his brother, Sir Donald Maclean, K.B.E., P.C., M.P., President of the Board of Education, on board the Royal Mail motor vessel Alcantara

Right : Miss Hermione Blandy with her cousin enjoying a cup of early morning coffee on the balcony of an hotel which overlooks the Bay of Funchal, The Blandy family have been settled in Madeira for over two centuries

Photographs by Sasha

One reason why Madeira is so popular with visitors is that it places no silly restrictions in their way, and on the left can be seen some of them indulging in a game of roulette at the Casino. Nor are there licensing restrictions!

Where the Pound is Worth a Pound

Above: On his way to South Africa the Duke of Sutherland stopped at Madeira to sun bathe. Standing, left to right, are Captain Adair, Flight-Commander Noble, Mrs. Adair, the Duke of Sutherland, and Miss Betty Balcroft

On board the Alcantara doing the passage from England to Madeira in three and a half days. Captain and Mrs. Adair, Miss Eyres Monsell, and Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty

Madeira can claim that its climate, which varies according to the locality, tends to longevity, as witness the hale and hearty Dr. Grahham, seen on the right, one of the residents, who, although 92 years old, still plays the organ. He has lived on the island for 70 years and in 1911 came to England for a visit and played at St. Paul's Cathedral

Recent visitors to Madeira. Seen above is H.R.H. Prince Chalermbol of Siam enjoying a glass of the local vintage with Mr. James Campbell and Miss Betty Balfour. Madeira wine is greatly appreciated by connoisseurs and is becoming more and more popular

On the bridge of the Alcantara. Captain E. D. Clarke, R.N.R., with Miss Betty Balfour

TWO VIEWS OF LOVELY MADEIRA

Photographs by Sasha

Madeira—the island of sunshine — is attracting many English visitors anxious to escape the rigours of their own winter. Above is a picture of the coast showing the bathing pool in the Bay of Funchal. Should the heat become oppressive a cooler climate can be found in the mountains

Madeira not only possesses scenery of magnificence, but can also boast of views which are extremely picturesque, as is exemplified in the little village of Cama de Lobos, seen on the left, with the harbour a hive of activity

By Hilary

"I thought Norman was passionate, but it was only asthma"

if Gossip we must

Why Winston's Wanted—Lord Beaverbrook and the Press — Down with Freedom!—Gladys Cooper and her Understudy—The High Cost of Tipping

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, recovered from his accident, has left New York on a health cruise. I hope it will be a short one, not because rest and recreation are grudged to this energetic soul, but because we cannot spare energetic souls at present. The home supply is decidedly low, and the sooner Mr. Churchill comes home the better. His mantle has to some extent fallen on to his son, Mr. Randolph Churchill, who is a bright and likely lad, and should develop into something big. But at present a chip of the old block is not sufficient; we want the old —well, er, I meant to say we want Mr. Churchill himself.

He was supremely right over India. Indeed, there are precious few matters in which he is not supremely right. I hope that when he does return he will throw the whole weight of his authority against the licensing restriction proposals. With Alan Herbert's articles and Winston's oratory the whole damsilly business will be made to look even damsillier. This is an important thing for him to do. Yet there are even more important things for him to do than this.

PROVIDED the speaker is talking sense, there is nothing the British public admires so much as some plain speaking. Since not even his bitterest enemies could justly accuse Lord Beaverbrook of lack of sense, he is now one of the most admired and yet often most abused men in the kingdom, because he has the gift of the gab, the wisdom of the serpent, and the pluck of the devil.

His meetings are crowded and successful. That is not only because one can be sure of having a profitable and even amusing evening. It is because he does not mind attacking the Government and telling us, emphatically, that, as it stands at present, it simply "won't do."

In that the National Government came as a blessed bulwark against predatory and incompetent Socialism it was a good thing. But it might have been a much better thing—and, it will have to be. It cannot just exist idly with a vast majority and repeat, like Scots sentimentalising alcoholically during "a nicht wi' Burns," "Here's tae us! There's nane like us!" Lord Beaverbrook is pre-eminently a man of action, and he hates idleness and stupidity as nature abhors a vacuum. So he tells his audience pretty forcibly what there is to be done—in fact, what must be done. This is not factious interference. It is a common-sense protest against dangerous complacency. And audiences love to hear it.

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S speeches are not only sound and full of value. They are "news." Yet nearly every

JEANNE DE CASALIS

Who made her debut in cabaret last week when she started an engagement in the Trocabaret at the Trocadero, and proved a great success. Her husband, Colin Clive, whose playing of Capt. Stanhope in the stage and screen versions of "Journey's End" brought him fame, is now well on the way to recovery after his accident encountered whilst riding

Dorothy Wilding

DOWN WITH FREEDOM!

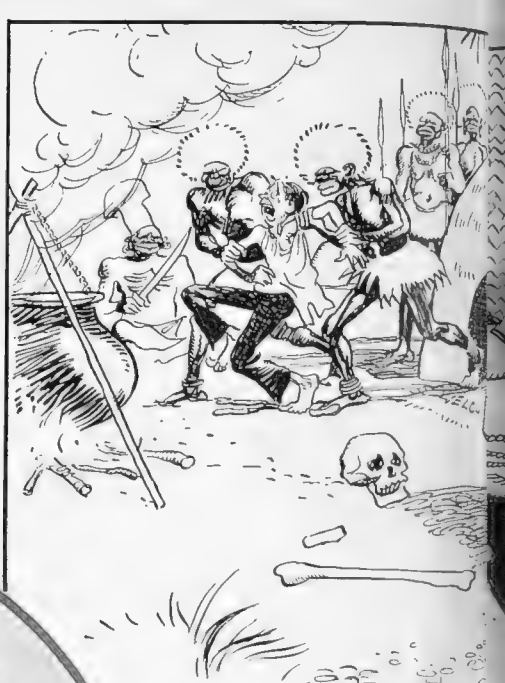
An illuminating insight into the mentality of some of our would-be dictators is provided by that section of the Licensing Commission's Report which, having first admitted that not one complaint has been received that the sale of intoxicants in trains has led to any excess, joyfully goes on to recommend all sorts of annoying new restrictions in this respect. But why stop there? For instance—

THE books of J. B. Priestley are
Accepted as most popular.
Their moral tone is quite O.K.,
They don't offend in any way,
In fact, they give great pleasure, so
Of course they all will have to go,
For it would never do to let
The poor, misguided public get
A chance to buy a book that can
Bring happiness to wicked man.

And then those awful actors who
Can cheer us up must be taboo,
So Seymour Hicks and Bobby Howes.
And any other who allows
His humour to cheer people who
Now find that life is all too blue,
Must forthwith be stamped out, for though
They don't appeal by being low,
A deadly sin they now commit
In that they cheer us up a bit.

All cocktail parties must be banned
For ever from this wicked land,
And soon we'll all keep open door
For Nosey Parkers by the score,
Whose duty will be to suppress
The slightest sign of happiness,
Since anything that cheers us well
Comes—ipso facto—straight from Hell.
Yes, let Old England's motto be,
"Young Britons never shall be free!"

B. W.



"Bill, I wonder

Navana

REGINA WEST

The young acrobatic dancer who is appearing in the new Hippodrome revue, "Bow Bells." She is a cousin of Lord Blyth and of Sir Walter Gilbey

Bassano

SARA SAMPLE

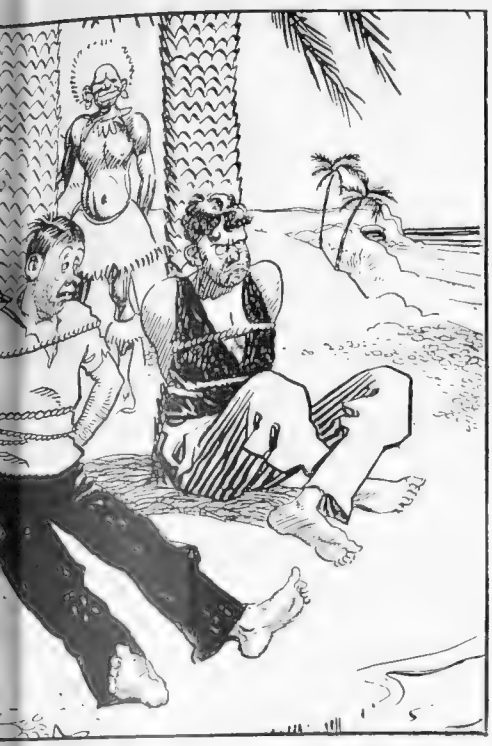
Gladys Cooper's understudy, who gave a brilliant performance in "The Painted Veil," recently withdrawn from the Playhouse, when Miss Cooper was forced by illness to relinquish her part. Like many understudies, she was accorded no publicity by the management, who continued to advertise Miss Cooper in the part although she was out of the bill

paper, except those which he owns, either ignore them completely or give them rather less space than they would to, say, a tram collision, with no casualties, at Ealing, or to the opening of a new wing at a cottage hospital near Newport Pagnell.

This is both petty and journalistically foolish. But our "great" dailies are only too frequently like that. The public, which so many editors and all theatrical managers persistently underrate, buy a newspaper for news. Speeches of important public men, such as Lord Beaverbrook, *are* news, and to suppress them or emasculate them into almost nothing at all is typical of the second-rate in journalism.

Fleet Street is full of this form of childishness. Here is another instance of it of a different type. A well-known and successful novelist was recently

Iris Kirkwhite and Errol Addison, the yo... pantomime at the Lyceum, have also provid... Café Anglais. Their dancing is really remarka... in his whirls are unequa...



By Angus Scott

e Arsenal got on last Wednesday?"

appointed literary critic on an evening paper. Ever since then his name has not been allowed to be mentioned in either of the other two evening papers. And unless he commits a murder or contrives to get himself dismissed it never will be.

S

I could write columns of indignant abuse concerning the Licensing Report, but in view of much anti-Prohibition campaigning in these columns (for which I am the reverse of repentant) in the immediate past, I will forbear. But one point seems to have passed almost unnoticed—the damaging insult in the report to the hotels in this country.

There was the preliminary imbecility of appointing a Commission on which the hotel industry was not represented at all. Thereupon, the Commission proceeded to disparage our hotels in a way which will delight the foreigner beyond measure.

S

How can the "Come to Britain" movement and the activities of the British Travel Association (which the Prince of Wales has, incidentally, supported) expect to flourish when a cold douche such as this is administered? If our hotels were bad (and they certainly are not) no good service is done by a set of cranks telling the world so. The marvel is that our hotels should have survived the attempts of the Prohibitionists at all, since, whereas in foreign countries the authorities do all they can to help the hotel-keeper, here they do all they can to obstruct him and to treat him almost like a criminal.

In point of fact, to mention provincial hotels alone, such establishments as the Adelphi, Liverpool, the Palace Hotel, Torquay, The Grand at Margate, The Grand at Folkestone, The Grosvenor at Chester, Gleneagles Hotel, of course, in Perthshire, and many, many more, are all that could be desired, and can compare favourably with the best hotels on the Continent and in America.

Sasha

lustralian dancers who are appearing in the ensation in cabaret at the Café de Paris and nd Miss Kirkwhite on her toes and Mr. Addison nywhere in either hemisphere

It is an old saying in theatrical circles that the surest way of keeping a leading actress in excellent health is to provide a competent understudy. News of a brilliant performance by an understudy has been known to be as effective as the miraculous "Arise, take up thy bed and walk" of the New Testament. Miss Gladys Cooper is far above that sort of thing. At the time of writing she is, I am sorry to say, suffering from influenza. As a result of that "The Painted Veil" had to be withdrawn from the Playhouse. But Miss Cooper was ill for several days before the withdrawal, and during that period her part was played, and brilliantly played, by Miss Sara Sample.

TILLY LOSCH E.N.A.

Whose engagement to play the Nun in the forthcoming production of "The Miracle" at the Lyceum has created astonishment in Vienna, where she was regarded as a fine prima ballerina rather than a clever actress. Although it has been left to England to realise her acting abilities, Vienna hopes to see her in a big speaking part after she has appeared in London

THE reason I emphasise this is that no one who did not go to the Playhouse and see for himself would have realised the fact. For while Miss Cooper was ill in bed the daily advertisements proclaimed that Miss Cooper was appearing nightly in *The Painted Veil*. Moreover, officialdom at the Playhouse laid its hand very heavily on any form of publicity which entailed the revelation that Miss Sample was playing Miss Cooper's part.

Miss Cooper herself was, I am sure, too ill to realise this piece of unfairness to both Miss Sample and to the public. And now that she is acquainted with the situation I trust she will reprimand those responsible for it.

THE DE SUTER BROTHERS

The clever musical clowns, who are well known all over England and the Continent and are now appearing in the circus staged at the Dominion Theatre. They very kindly gave their services at the Great Eight New Year Dance, held recently at the Northumberland Rooms

AN understudy has a pretty thankless job. The only redeeming feature of it is the feeling that one night the chance may come to appear. When that chance does come, and the very most is made of it, it is galling in the extreme to come up against a hush-hush policy and to be deprived of the public appreciation which has been so well earned. But this is, unfortunately, no isolated example. A very well-known impresario, some years ago, did not speak to me for weeks because I published the fact that the "star" part in one of his shows was being played by an understudy.

Mr. Walter Hackett, the playwright, and his wife, who, as Miss Marion Lorne, appears in his plays, invariably with the happiest of results. His latest play, "The Gay Adventure," has proved a winner of the first class at the Whitehall Theatre

NOT many restaurants of the most exclusive quality are doing well nowadays. Quaglino's, which is very much the vogue, is an exception; but they can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Yet there is enthusiastic patronage for those restaurants which have been bold enough to lower their prices drastically. Take the Kit-Cat, for instance. This had its ups and downs in the past, when it was an expensive resort, and there were, I fancy, more downs than ups. Now it serves meals at an easy price and of excellent quality, and a good cabaret and jazz band; and it is consistently packed.

WHILE I do not suggest that every establishment in London should follow suit, I do venture to say that the more expensive restaurants are often shied at because of the size of the tip expected by, not the waiters, but the various attendants. The nimble sixpence is usually looked at askance; with the result that one finds oneself giving a shilling to the man who takes your coat, a shilling to the man who flicks you with a clothes brush, a shilling to the man who gets you a cab. And these shillings soon run into pounds.

HENRY HALL *Sasha*

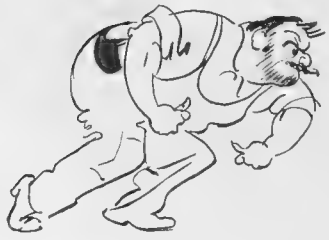
The Musical Director of the L.M.S. Hotels, whose orchestra will follow that of Jack Payne at the B.B.C. on March 13. Wireless listeners, who all too often have inferior dance music thrust upon them, will miss Jack Payne and his men greatly, whilst at the same time being ready to welcome his successor

BY LUNT ROBERTS

"Look, Ol' Boy! The Big Four!"

AT THE PLAY

GAIETY NIGHTS—PAST AND PRESENT

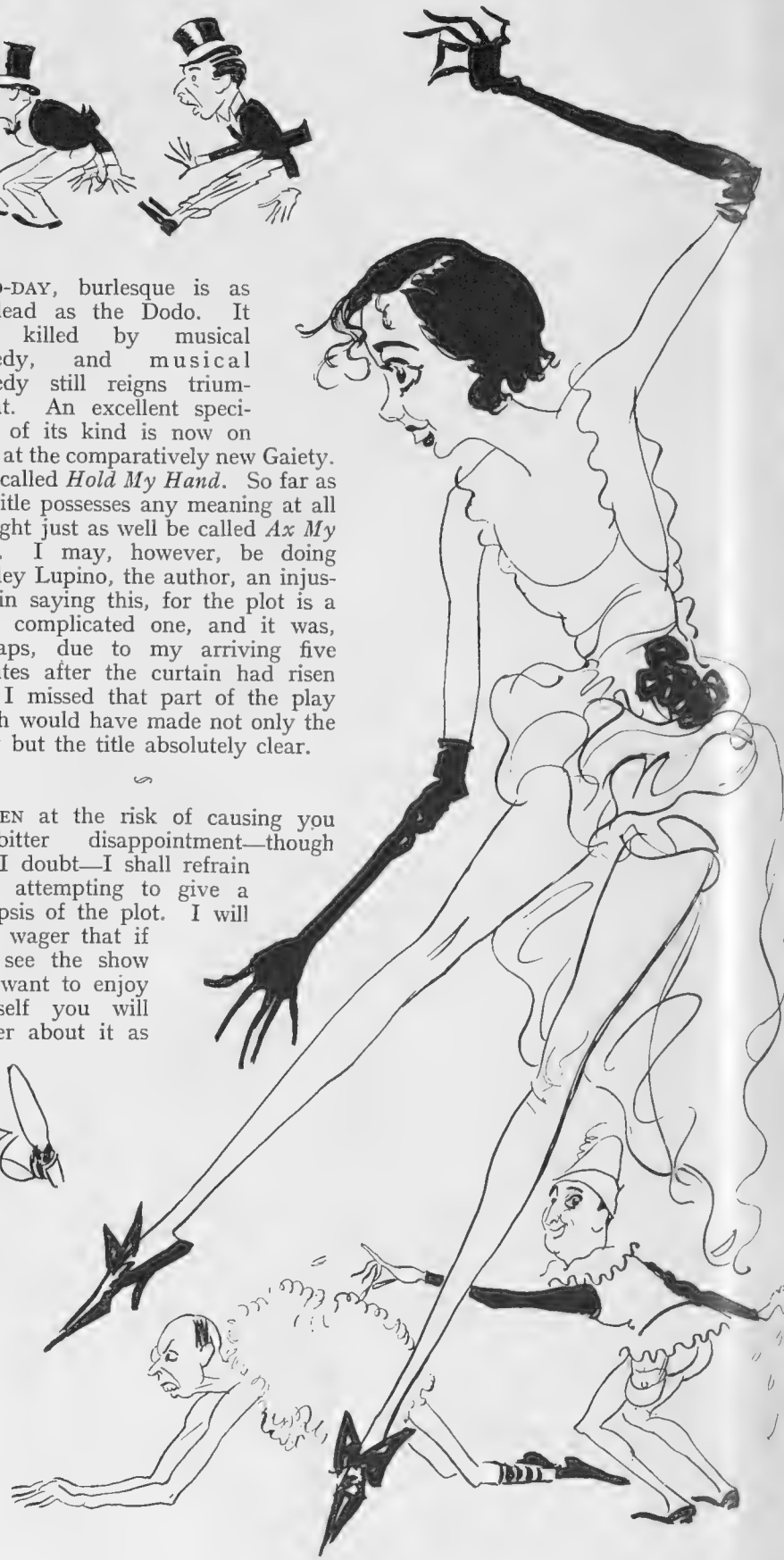


THE Gaiety Theatre of the present day is a different building on a different site, and provides a different entertainment to that which was presided over by the late John Hollingshead, who kept alight "the sacred lamp of burlesque." It was classical work which was always skitted then, and even Shakespeare was not exempt, for *The Tempest* was parodied as *Ariel, Ruy Blas* was given the punning sub-title of the *Blasé Roué,* and impious hands were even laid on *Cinderella* under the title of *Cinder-Ellen Up-too-late.*

THE reason for the latter title was because Nellie Farren was the principal star, and, like celestial bodies, possessed of magnetic qualities, for she drew the whole town to the Gaiety Theatre. It was only after her death that the public tired of this particular form of entertainment, which always included a group of "show ladies" who at odd moments strolled about the stage in tights and stared haughtily at the jeunesse stage dorée as if these had designs upon their virtue—which in all probability was the case.

TO-DAY, burlesque is as dead as the Dodo. It was killed by musical comedy, and musical comedy still reigns triumphant. An excellent specimen of its kind is now on view at the comparatively new Gaiety. It is called *Hold My Hand.* So far as the title possesses any meaning at all it might just as well be called *Ax My Foot.* I may, however, be doing Stanley Lupino, the author, an injustice in saying this, for the plot is a most complicated one, and it was, perhaps, due to my arriving five minutes after the curtain had risen that I missed that part of the play which would have made not only the story but the title absolutely clear.

EVEN at the risk of causing you bitter disappointment—though this I doubt—I shall refrain from attempting to give a synopsis of the plot. I will even wager that if you see the show and want to enjoy yourself you will bother about it as



Our artist's snapshot impressions of "Hold My Hand" at the Gaiety Theatre. Above, left: Editor (Stanley Lupino) and proprietor (Sonnie Hale) of "The Morning Light" have a set-to with Norman Love (Michael Ray), a gentleman from the printing department who wants his wages. Below, left: Pop Curry (Sonnie Hale) takes steps to amuse. The big figure above is Paula Bond (Jessie Matthews), while below are Lord Milchester (Frank Hector) and Eddy Marston (Stanley Lupino) returning from a fancy-dress ball

By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "HOLD MY HAND," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

little as I did. It isn't the joint but the trimmings which are so appetising, for though the author in the telling of the tale becomes like a contortionist who gets stuck, his unfailing invention of amusing scenes and comic business never once flags.

AND author Stanley Lupino has seen to it that comedian Stanley Lupino has many chances which he seizes on with expressive hands and nimble feet. There are some comedians on the stage whose efforts to amuse merely cause me the deepest depression. Stanley Lupino is not one of these. I find his alert good humour extraordinarily funny. Nothing appears to give him greater pleasure than being buffeted about or meeting with some mishap, and, human nature being what it is, this is always one of the safest cards to play to excite risibility. A man chasing his own illusive hat in a gale of wind will never lose its savour.

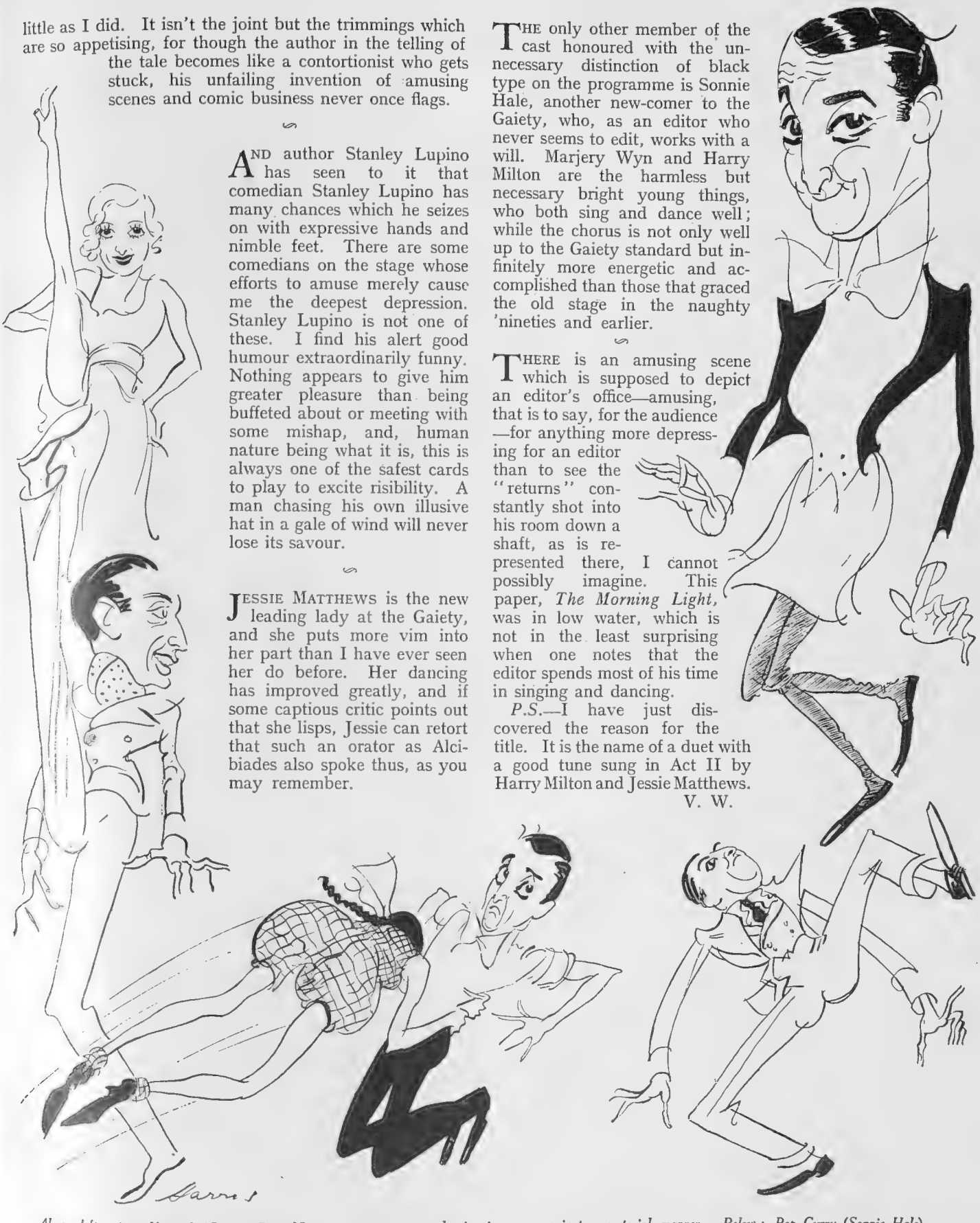
JESSIE MATTHEWS is the new leading lady at the Gaiety, and she puts more vim into her part than I have ever seen her do before. Her dancing has improved greatly, and if some captious critic points out that she lisps, Jessie can retort that such an orator as Alcibiades also spoke thus, as you may remember.

THE only other member of the cast honoured with the unnecessary distinction of black type on the programme is Sonnie Hale, another new-comer to the Gaiety, who, as an editor who never seems to edit, works with a will. Marjery Wyn and Harry Milton are the harmless but necessary bright young things, who both sing and dance well; while the chorus is not only well up to the Gaiety standard but infinitely more energetic and accomplished than those that graced the old stage in the naughty 'nineties and earlier.

THERE is an amusing scene which is supposed to depict an editor's office—amusing, that is to say, for the audience—for anything more depressing for an editor than to see the "returns" constantly shot into his room down a shaft, as is represented there, I cannot possibly imagine. This paper, *The Morning Light*, was in low water, which is not in the least surprising when one notes that the editor spends most of his time in singing and dancing.

P.S.—I have just discovered the reason for the title. It is the name of a duet with a good tune sung in Act II by Harry Milton and Jessie Matthews.

V. W.



Above, left: Jane Howard (Connie Emerald), a private secretary, dancing in a very private secretarial manner. Below: Pop Curry (Sonnie Hale) engaged in editing his paper, "The Morning Light." Centre, below: Eddy Marston (Stanley Lupino) tries to ward off his ward, Paula Bond (Jessie Matthews). Above, right: Eddy Marston (Stanley Lupino) absent-mindedly forgetful of articles of attire, and below him another view of the same artist more suitably clothed

MY WEEKLY THOUGHT

by NORMAN THWAITES

"We sailed wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty State;
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fear of being great."

WITHIN two weeks, on February 2, delegates to the International Disarmament Conference will assemble at Geneva to deliberate upon means whereby the High Contracting Parties may fulfil their undertaking to "limit and, so far as possible, to reduce their respective armaments." Article 8 of the Covenant recognises the necessity for the *general* reduction in national armaments "to the lowest point consistent with National Safety, and the enforcement by common action of international obligations."

Great Britain, having already *limited* and *reduced* her armaments to a point *even lower* than is consistent with her safety, her delegates at the opening of the Conference are seriously handicapped. They have nothing wherewith to bargain.

If other nations complete their contemplated naval programmes the British Navy will no longer hold first position in several important categories. The British Army in its number of effectives ranks no better than tenth among European land armed forces. The Royal Air Force, as admitted by successive Air Ministers, still ranks fifth among world air Powers in terms of first line strength.

FRANCE has just placed contracts for all the ships of her 1932 naval programme, while we have not even ordered ships authorised under the 1931 programme. Since the London Naval Conference over fifty new submarines have been started by France and Italy together. To-day there are twice as many of these craft as there were at the date of the Peace Conference. France, Italy, Japan, and the United States have much larger programmes than the British Empire.

THE Navy League, in its New Year message, pointed out that we have not begun the three cruisers and nine destroyers, besides three submarines of last year's programme. "Taking these vessels into account, our tonnage of effective cruisers and destroyers will be considerably short of the amount allotted by the London Naval Treaty, and altogether inadequate for the guarding of our sea routes and the protection of our commerce in the event of any outbreak of hostilities in any quarter of the globe."

Is it not about time we stopped this unilateral disarmament until our neighbours scrap some of their great armed forces?

I HAVE mentioned a few facts with regard to naval strength. What of land forces? It has been stated by a high military authority that if called upon to implement our pledges in Europe the strength of our Expeditionary Force to-day would be fifty per cent. below that of 1914. General P. R. C. Groves has written: "Although Great Britain has agreed at Geneva and Locarno to guarantee the securities of other States, yet, owing to her lack of Air Power, the latest, swiftest, most scientific and over-riding form of force, she is not in a position to honour her signature."

From left to right are seen Lord Londonderry, the Secretary for Air, Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary of State for India. At the forthcoming International Disarmament Conference, Great Britain will find that she has already made so many sacrifices in reducing her armed forces that she has no further proposals to put forward as far as she herself is concerned

Figures compiled by the League of Nations Union show that the land forces of no fewer than nine European countries are more numerous than those of Great Britain! Almost every country has augmented its land armed forces since 1913.

AS to Air Power, our position is even worse. Of first line aircraft we stand fifth in number according to figures furnished to Geneva. France, Italy, the United States, and Japan have a larger number of aeroplanes of the land, sea, and air armed forces than have we. Russia refuses to publish figures before the Conference, but we know she outnumbers our air forces.

If allowance is made for the fact that 25 per cent. of our air squadrons are stationed abroad, and for the increasing rate of growth of other air powers, no reasonable person can deny that the weakness of our country is a very grave matter.

NEARLY two years ago Sir Samuel Hoare, ex-Minister for Air, stated in the House of Commons: "It is a sinister fact that the expenditure of all the Great Powers, except ourselves, is literally bounding up year by year. The expenditure of France has risen by no less than 113 per cent. during the last five years; the expenditure of Italy has risen 25 per cent., and the expenditure of the United States by no less than 140 per cent."

Are we not entitled to parity with any other nation in view of our geographical position and the prospect of starvation if we do not protect our trade routes? But in a World Conference are other nations, who have strained every nerve since the War to build up big air forces, going to concede this to us?

THE Navy League continues its splendid patriotic work of education under the Presidency of Lord Lloyd of Dolobran. Unhappily, the Air League, one hopes only temporarily, has relegated National Defence to the background, and put in second place the object for which it was started twenty-three years ago, viz., to secure the maintenance of adequate air forces and of reserves for Empire and Home Defence.

I believe we can honestly claim to be the most peacefully minded people in the world. We have made peace gestures ever since the Armistice. We have given a lead to other nations and have fallen in with every proposal that seemed to make for world peace. And we go on doing so. Before the Washington Conference we scrapped voluntarily a total of one and one-third million tons of fighting ships, and up to 1928 had destroyed 2,160,291 tons.

WHAT reply has been made by the statesmen of other Great Powers? They signed the Versailles Treaty and the Locarno Pact with eyes-to-Heaven rectitude—and then proceeded to build bigger and better armaments and to create circumstances to justify them. They signed the Kellogg Pact to outlaw war and forthwith proceeded to accelerate warlike preparations, while we made more gestures and worked with greater frenzy at Geneva. In our anxiety to set a good example are we to weaken ourselves to the extent of inviting war, and even possible defeat?

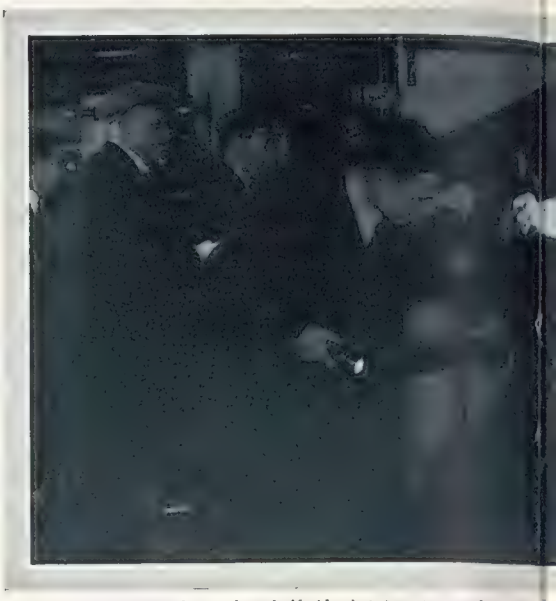
BY CHARLES ROBINSON

MY LADY MISRULE

Though Twelfth Night is past, in the motley you flit it
And woe that to doff it would seem like a crime.
Misrule is now ended but you won't admit it
For you, pretty Miss, rule my heart all the time.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT DRURY LAN

Mary Clare, who plays the part of Jane Marryot in "Cavalcade" at Drury Lane, seen in her dressing-room putting on the costume she wears in the December 31, 1899, episode



The scene over, she rushes, half blinded by the footlights, across member of the staff who carries a

After rapidly changing into the evening dress in which Jane Marryot visits the opera on May 18, 1900, Mary Clare dons the appropriate wig. All the wigs are numbered according to the scenes

Gathering skirts, s crosses t toward passing en old motor the Amist Trafalgar scene later

A few moments later she is back in her dressing-room hurriedly putting on the mourning dress which, like everyone else who appears in it, she wears in the Birdcage Walk scene, the occasion being the death of Queen Victoria in January, 1901

The ete preparing the great

Photographs by Sa

E: MARY CLARE'S QUICK CHANGES

s the darkened stage to her dressing-room, guided by a
a torch for the purpose

It is no easy matter to reach her dressing-room owing to the many obstacles which encumber her path and she is here seen negotiating a piece of scenery

up her
she again
the wings
the stage,
route the
bus used in
stice Day in
Square
in the play

MARY CLARE, in the rôle of Jane Marryot, in "Cavalcade," at Drury Lane, wears seventeen dresses and makes thirty changes during each performance, and except for the changes she makes after the two intervals the average time she has for each change is about a minute. Her dressing-room is in the wings, and as all the scene setting is done in darkness he has to be led by the hand off the set and led back

is now May 14, 1901, and Mary Clare is seen for the episode which sees Jane Marryot attending ball at Stafford House—the last scene in Act I

Basha

All ready to go on for the bar-parlour scene, which is dated at June 16, 1906. Mary Clare has very little time in which to change and . . .

. . . Every moment being precious, Miss Clare's husband, Mr. Lionel Mawhood, is at hand with an electric torch to guide her back to the stage

Why be vague? Ask for—

Haig

no finer whisky goes into any bottle

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The SUBURBAN STREAK

by Owen Archer

Illustrated by FRANK OLDHAM

"DOING anything to-day?" inquired Lindsay, having stopped reading the morning paper in order to gulp coffee.

Carol shook her head. Any audible answer would have been drowned by the noise the newspaper made as Lindsay turned to the Law reports.

Besides, he wasn't interested, she knew. And she wasn't interested in his not being interested. The time for all that had long passed.

That morning, when Lindsay was gone to the office, which, it seemed, was his universe, Carol moved restlessly about the house. Once Lindencroft, with its semi-circular drive, its many gables and oak-timbered façade, its leaded casements and its sunny rooms, had seemed Eden. Paradise can be lost, Carol had learnt, without the expulsion of Adam and Eve. She hated the house, haunted with remembered disappointments, quarrels, scenes that stood—like grey gravestones glimmering at night—in her memory.

Well, she thought, up in her bedroom, when the housemaid had left it gleaming and smelling of furniture polish, this would be her final memory of it. Last night she hadn't been sure. Till this very instant she hadn't been altogether sure. Utterly sure she was now.

Every trivial act of hers to-day would be for ever unforgettable. She would always remember sitting, as just now she had sat, on the edge of her bed and peering, as now she peered, at herself in the glass. . . .

The maids would recall, too, how she had sat at the piano, as now she sat, playing snatches of "Tannhäuser": how she had sent her lunch away untouched: how silent afterwards she was in her bedroom. . . .

Soon after two o'clock Carol left the house, walked down Grange Road to the High Road, and waited at a bus-stop. A great six-wheeler picked her up. She went up the staircase and sat down in the seat at the top of the steps.

When she had arranged to meet Nugent on Kingston Bridge she had meant to drive herself as usual in the Riley and leave it parked somewhere. But the Riley wasn't hers. It was Lindsay's. And there would have been nobody to drive it back again home—at least, to Lindencroft, now home no longer—once Nugent's Humber had sped away with her.

For she meant to give in. He wouldn't have to complain any longer and call her icicle—or suburban. She meant to burn her boats.

In her bedroom she had stripped. Hat, frock, gay "underneaths," every single thing she wore had been bought out of her own money. Even the wedding-ring that Lindsay had slipped on her finger had been left at Lindencroft. She was taking nothing of his nor anything she owed to him.

As the bus rolled southward over Kew Bridge Carol was wondering if Nugent, too, would change—when she had thawed. Her whims had once been law to Lindsay. She thought, "out of the frying-pan——" and shrugged away a shudder. Now that the decisive step was so near she realised how little hard thinking had brought her to it. Drift. "Oh, well, things can't be worse," she thought, and stared out over the forbidding wall of Kew Gardens.

The bus, moving very slowly, delayed by a plodding horse with a cartload of scrap metal, was nearing Lion Gate, when her eyes lit on a magnolia.

Against a background of dull, dark foliage—yew, she thought—its naked brown arms held up a host of slender flowers, snowy above palest purple at their bases.

The sight of it brought back to her a myriad forgotten impressions of the Hampshire Garden of her old home. In a spate her recollections came, so swift that, before the bus stopped opposite Lion Gate, she had time to remember wheeling her toy pram down the lawn so that her twin dolls could see the glory of the blooms; time to recapture her thoughts at seventeen when the magnolia had seemed symbolic of upright modesty and she had unconsciously straightened up in emulation; time to quiver because the girl in that garden would have despised the woman in the bus; time to forget all this and seem to swim in the beauty of the tree. . . .

"Isn't it perfectly lovely?" she breathed.

She was leaning forward and had spoken unconsciously aloud. A man in the seat ahead turned, smiled, and said:

"That tree? It's glorious. What is it?"

"A magnolia," she said, startled, but she smiled too. "I'm sorry. I spoke a thought aloud."

"I was staring at it. Your voice might have been my mind's. I'm frightfully ignorant about trees and flowers and all that. I don't believe I've ever seen a—a whatever-you-called-it before."

She was very early for her tryst. Lindencroft had seemed like a trap from which escape couldn't be made too soon. Nugent, he had told her over the telephone, would be at Kingston Bridge at four.

She stood up, pattered down to the lower deck, dismounted, crossed the road and went into the gardens.

She was standing rapt before the tree when the sound of

(All rights strictly reserved.)

[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

footsteps made her glance aside. She caught sight of the man who had sat in front of her on the bus. Young, a little shabby, blue-eyed, hollow-cheeked, he was. She was frowning when once more she looked at the magnolia.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "But it isn't an English tree, is it?"

Still frowning, prepared to be icy, she turned, but found that he was staring fixedly at the tree in evident delight.

She remembered almost word for word her old father's answer to that same question.

"They come from Asia and America, but they've been grown in England for over two hundred years."

"They look too fragile," he said. "I'd have thought they'd want to be under glass. But then that's the same with people."

"With people?" she repeated.

"Some women," he said. "I've seen them in the Park and so on. They look like—fairies."

"But fairies aren't hot-house creatures," amended Carol, smiling.

"Women," he observed, "are iron painted to look like laths. They are the hardiest creatures extant. How they can go about in gossamer stockings in mid-winter I can't conceive."

CAROL bit her lower lip. It seemed ironical of Fate to make her (generally so circumspect—she didn't like making casual acquaintances) stand in Kew Gardens, chatting with a complete stranger on the very day that she had made up her mind to take the plunge and throw her good name to the winds.

"There's probably quite a lot about women that you don't understand," was her comment.

"Oh, there is," he agreed.

"Well, please don't misunderstand *me*," said she. "When I told you I was speaking a thought aloud it was the truth. I had no—no arrière-pensée."

"What's that?"

She glanced, smiling, but was assured he asked in earnest.

"Ulterior motive."

"Lord!" he ejaculated. "You needn't say that. D'you think I imagined for a moment——? It was cheek my getting off the bus, you mean? I suppose it was. I'm sorry."

"I accept your apologies," said she, pretending to be very solemn.

"I've never been here before," he volunteered. "Only heard of it. I'm a Londoner, you see. I've heard of the Tower, too, and even seen it—but only in the distance."

"Then you've missed 365 treats a year," she declared. "Kew stages a new show each day."

"Does it?" he said. "Then forget I tumbled off that bus as though I were a pin and you a magnet. Forgive my being so impertinent, and show me to-day's show."

"But," she protested, "you're being more impertinent than ever!"

"I'm sorry," he said humbly. "I saw a ghost of a chance of a happy few minutes and grabbed at it."

"Are you generally—unhappy, then?"

He nodded. He had every reason to be, he said. Till recently he had had a year of unemployment. His present job was a loathsome one, the sort no man took on unless the devil drove. He had been a clerk in a big store that had closed down. Jobs were desperately hard to find.

"That tree looks kind of hopeful, doesn't it?" he said abruptly. "It's the flowers all standing erect, I s'pose."

Unconsciously, she knew, he squared his shoulders, drawing in a deep breath.

"Oh, well, I'll get somewhere one day," he said.

"What's the time?" she asked.

Half-past two o'clock his loud-ticking metal watch announced.

"Then I'll show you one silly thing and one glorious thing," she said impulsively. "The first's a Japanese pagoda as out of place here as—as a howitzer in a cathedral, and the second's a water-lily pond. Tell me, what is your present job?"

They walked on, but he didn't answer her question

"If I told you, you'd shy away as though I were a leper," he said. "D'you come here often?"

"I used to years ago."

In that first summer after her marriage—before the winter of her discontent.

"Only once lately, though," she added.

Once last autumn with Nugent. In the wilder part down by the lake he and she had sat on the grass and talked for hours. In the little temple of Æolus he had first kissed her.

BUT Nugent had called Kew dull. He preferred the racket of a dance band and cigarette smoke to bird song and the smell of aftermath roses.

"Alone?" he asked.

She put up her eyebrows, smiled, and said:

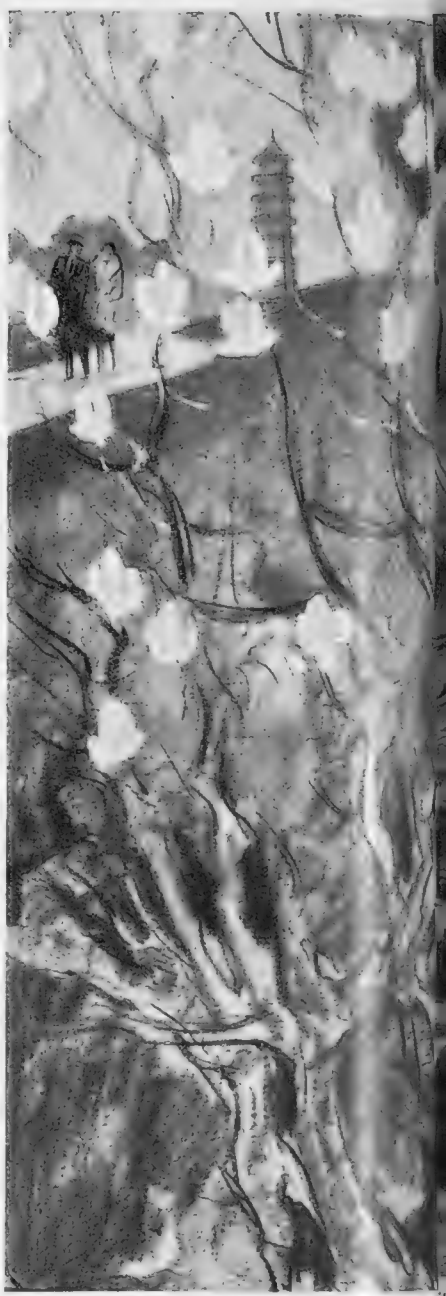
"Why d'you ask?"

"I was envying anyone you were with. You're opening your eyes at me—as though that ought to make me shut up. We're strangers, aren't we? I ought only to talk about the lovely things all around—that is, if I talk at all. Well, I don't mean to. You're unmarried, I see."

She raised her bare left hand and glanced at it, hiding a smile.

"That's a pity," he went on. "Some man's missing so much happiness."

"You must think—on very slender grounds — that I'd make a good wife?"



"'*I beg your pardon,*' *said he.* 'B..

"I'm sure you would. I can imagine a man battling like—like a Trojan because you were at home waiting for him. He'd simply have to get on."

"Suppose he did get on—got on splendidly, became quite well off, but still went on battling—giving his whole time and energy and mind to money-making—what then?"

"He'd be a fool."

"He *is* a fool!" said Carol bitterly.

"I—er—don't get you."

"The man who behaves like that. Women need keeping in two ways—not only in food and clothes, with a roof over their heads."

"You mean a man's got to keep them loving?"

"If he can," she said. "There's the pagoda. Like it?"

AT half-past three she would turn back, she determined, as she walked on beside the shabby young man, her back to the gate, down the vista of cedars. When they had skirted the lake and reached the glowing rhododendrons and the river with placid Zyon House beyond, she suggested their resting. There she smoked one of his "gaspers" and listened to his boyish views on marriage.

He would rather, if he were a girl, he told her, a husband who thought too much of money-grubbing than another

isn't an English tree, is it?' Still frowning, prepared to be icy, she turned, but found that he was staring fixedly at the tree in evident delight"

woman. Being faithful was the chief thing in marriage. Being faithless was the most vulgar crime of all.

She sat beside him, as slim and erect as a magnolia bloom, and laughed at him.

"Jeer away," said he. "You don't mean it. You'd never let a man down."

Her eyes were fixed on the stone lion on the top of the old mansion on the other side of the river. She had thought very little of the consequences to Lindsay. They had seemed his affair exclusively. Letting him down! Yes, badly. The wind isn't tempered to a solicitor with an old-fashioned, old-established family practice whose wife sheers off.

"What's the time?" she asked again.

It was twenty past three, but she did not stir.

"You look at it all from the man's point of view," she said. "Is a woman to lose all the young years, the dear, unique years, because her husband thinks only of his business?"

"That's a problem you'll never have to solve," he said. "You're too wise and—don't be offended—too pretty. You'll twist him round your little finger and keep him there."

"So you still believe in fairy-stories?" she exclaimed. "Men begin to untwist on the first day of the honeymoon."

"Only if wives let them."

"Let them!" she repeated in derision.

"Let them," he persisted. "D'you mean to confess you couldn't keep a man if you really wanted to? I wouldn't believe you."

Her comment was a smile.

"Men aren't *all* swine," he argued. "Look here. I've told nobody. Not one soul. But I've—got a girl. Everything's impossible—as yet. But d'you mean to say that I who—who don't seem living when I'm away from her, would—tire?"

He would, she knew he would. Just as the river slips away from its source, however lovely.

"You're the exception, perhaps," she said lightly. "Tell me about her."

It must be half-past three or later, she thought presently. It must be nearly four o'clock, she realised later still . . .

"Pretty bleak outlook, isn't it?" she heard him sigh.

SHE nodded, but she was picturing Nugent, looking anxiously about for her from the Humber drawn up at the kerb on Kingston Bridge. She had better go, though waiting would only enhance her coming. Petty that. Low. Well, it was all low. Vulgar was the boy's word.

"You're worried," he said suddenly.

She nodded.

"I'm bothering you."

"No. You're——doing me good."

"It's jolly of you saying that," he said flushing. "But then anybody can see you're a delightful person—kind, frank, square. I wish I could help you."

"Nobody can. Except myself. And I'm not sure I want to. But I must go."

"Please have some tea first. *Do.*"

"Tea!"

She stared at him, and then at Zyon House. Her eyes lost their fixity. She was looking miles beyond the house into infinity. Vulgar was the word.

"Tea," she said. "I'd love some."

After tea they walked to the pond by the palm-house and saw the rainbows on the fountain's sunlit spray. It was past five o'clock when she said "Good-bye."

"Let me come a little way back with you," he begged.

At the end of Grange Road, not caring whether she were seen with him or not, she said "Good-bye" again.

"Don't—don't tell anybody of to-day," he said impulsively. "I won't either. We'll never see each other again, I expect. Let's keep it a secret—always. Are you—on?"

"I'm on, yes," said she smiling, and held out her hand. "And the very best of luck to you, Boy, and—Mrs. Boy."

She had left her latch-key behind. She had to ring. Slowly she went up the staircase that was novel, and into her bedroom that was, miraculously, altogether new.

There she slid her wedding-ring, grown very cold, on to her finger, staring at it, ridiculously wondering how a symbol of delight could be so unaltered now that it was only a badge of decay.

At seven o'clock the telephone bell resounded. Lindsay spoke. A new and valuable client wished him to dine and sleep at his house in Walton.

"Business *is* business," Lindsay reminded her.

What madness that boy and the magnolia had instilled in her!

"Of course it is," said she.

She dined alone. She had nearly finished when once more she was called to the telephone.

In a boy's treble she heard, "Mrs. Burnett?" answered "Yes," frowned at his "Hold the line, please," waited and recognised Nugent's voice.

"Carol? Simply had to defy orders and give you a ring. Anything up?"

She shook her head, wondered why he said, "What? Can you hear me? Anything wrong, old thing?" Then collected herself and said:

"Nothing's wrong. I—just couldn't come."

"I waited till six. Kingston Bridge will be for ever a hideous memory."

"I'm—glad," she said, feeling brutal yet subtly proud of her brutality. "You see, I've—changed. It can't go on. I'm through with it."

She listened, growing more and more listless and inattentive to his expressions of amazement, his protests and pleas.

"I'm through with it," she said again.

He was furious. Perhaps, she speculated, she was the first woman who had said, instead of hearing him say, "I'm through with it."

Queer to sit there in the little telephone-room off the hall, her eyes shut, disdainfully smiling, with Nugent's appeals and demands pouring in and leaving her so cold that she could think how splendidly the hundred hues of the Persian rug in the window of the old curiosity shop in High Road would glow against the oak floorboards.

"I shall come and see you to-morrow," she heard.

"Useless. I won't see you. Besides I'm—going away."

"Where? When?"

Men will come at the lifting of an eyelid (and go at the appearance of one faint line or one grey hair), and yet are blind to dismissal. She yawned and let the tail end of it be audible. The line went dead.

In bed that night, profoundly thankful for solitude, she felt petty, lying in mournful discomfort, finding self-defence necessary but very difficult, thinking again and again of that odd, unhappy boy in Kew Gardens, his strange intensity of voice and eyes and the metamorphosis induced in her that made her lie here, uneasy, miserable, questioning everything—alone.

Mad she must have been, she thought, as she sipped her early cup of tea and stared at the contemptible familiar. Utterly mad, she thought as she bathed. Back where she'd been, tramping the interminable dreary road that was Mrs. Lindsay Burnett's lot.

She had tried to breakfast when at ten o'clock a strange car came circling to the porch. From it Lindsay stepped, and, as it was driven away again, opened the front door. His post lay on the hall table. He gathered the letters up, came into the dining-room, shut the door, and said abruptly:

"Carol, I want a straight answer to a straight question. For some time you've been—carrying on with somebody. I'm not blind. I couldn't help noticing the change in you. If you've anything to tell me, I'm—ready to listen."

"But I've nothing to tell you," she protested, smiling. "Who's the gossip, Lindsay?"

"Nobody. None of your friends appear to know anything."

"So you've been questioning them?"

"I meant—I mean to get at the truth. Yesterday morning I asked you—at breakfast—if you were doing anything. You shook your head. I happened to know you had arranged to meet somebody in the afternoon."

She could not prevent her muscles stiffening. Two days ago, contrary to her express command, Nugent had telephoned. She had not dreamt that Lindsay was suspicious nor that he had been within earshot of the telephone-room, the door of which had stood ajar.

"Very well, four o'clock," had been all she had said to Nugent.

"Look here," Lindsay went on roughly. "I know what you're feeling. Yesterday mother came to the office. You never liked her—never got on. She knew that, of course. But it didn't deter her from coming and—giving me a dressing-down."

"She—you?" was all amazed Carol could ejaculate.

"She—me," he said. "She told me big house-keeping cheques and so on weren't enough. She said I'd lose you. I thought her an old meddlesome fool—though I didn't say so. And then she told me of a time in her own married life. The Edwardians were different. They put up with more than we do. She said if it had happened to-day she dared say she'd have left my father."

"Your mother!" she repeated, quite incredulous.

"I couldn't believe it either. Not at first. She went away feeling she had achieved nothing. I felt she had achieved nothing, too. But down at Walton I couldn't sleep—strange bed. I don't know—and I began to think and to see I—I admit there's a lot in what she said. I've not—altogether—played the game."

With intense unwillingness, flushing, he spoke. It amazed her that he could utter the words at all.

"I wanted to say that. I wanted you to know that I'm sorry. I'd like to change things a bit. I've always been so—so fond of you."

He was speaking with his lips hardly parted, seeming stiff, as though they were reluctant warders letting prisoners escape.

"I never meant to hurt you. It was—just not thinking. Selfishness. I thought I might arrange for a week or so off, and we might dash over to Paris or something."

"Lindsay!" she exclaimed thrilling, a thousand things already forgotten and forgiven.

"That's why I ask you to be frank. Will you be, Carol?"

To give Nugent away was out of the question, she thought in the silence.

"Where did you go yesterday afternoon?" he asked.

"To Kew."

"Whom did you go to meet, Carol?"

"At Kew?" she said. "Nobody. I was passing on a bus. I saw a magnolia and——"

"Wait," he broke in, "I want you to be careful. I don't want to trap you"

He glanced through his letters, picked out an envelope, opened it and said:

(*Continued on page 140*)

Sasha

BETTY STOCKFELD

The young English actress who has returned from Paris, where she has been starring in two Paramount talkies, "Les Nuits dans l'Hotel" and "Monsieur Albert," and was offered the lead in Yves Mirande's new play to be produced this month at the Théâtre Palais Royal. She also plays lead opposite Seymour Hicks in the British "Money for Nothing," due at the Regal on Friday

FRENCH IMPRESSIONS

by the HON. PATRICK BALFOUR

BEARDS, beards, beards. The French are with us again.

Extraordinary how like Frenchmen Frenchmen always contrive to look. An Italian, if you judge by appearances, might equally well be a Spaniard or some sort of polyglot. A German—if he is young enough—can very well be mistaken for an Englishman, and *vice versa*. But the Frenchman never lets you down. There is no mistaking those comic-paper beards in Burlington House — half a dozen in every room: scrubby black beards, scrubby white beards, silky beards, wispy beards, grubby beards, mangy beards . . . darting hither and thither, eagerly peering at every picture.

"How *funny* the French look," said my companion

The dear creatures.

PRIESTS galore.

Anglican clergymen hustling be-spectacled schoolboys with nervous tact past Ingres's "Source."

A tall, gaunt French priest, grasping firmly by the arm a tiny, chubby French priest in black skirts, addressing him with head inclined after the manner of a ventriloquist addressing his dummy.

"Mais, c'est splendide . . . c'est é-pat-*ant* . . . superbe . . . *for-mi-dable!*"

The little tubby one *must* be a dummy. He says nothing at all. He is dragged on.

PEOPLE go to these exhibitions from a variety of motives.

Look at those two eager women picking up embroidery hints from a fifteenth-century tapestry.

Rather scornful, though: "But *I* can do *that* stitch. It's easy."

"Well, dear, note the pattern for the piano stool."

(In the centre the Coronation of the Virgin; to the right the Coronation of Bathsheba by Solomon; to the left the Coronation of Esther by Ahasuerus. Below the central scene a choir of angel musicians, $39\frac{3}{8}$ and $64\frac{7}{8} \times 125\frac{1}{8}$ in. . . .)

AMONG the Chardins and the Watteaus two women are "matching" blues as if the Royal Academy were some emporium.

None of the dialogue in this narrative is in any way fictitious.

"No, that's not quite the shade I'm looking for. Too green. Wouldn't go with the curtains."

"Yes, but the cushions?"

"I'm changing the cushions anyway. They want re-covering."

"Well, this one, then. Number 209."

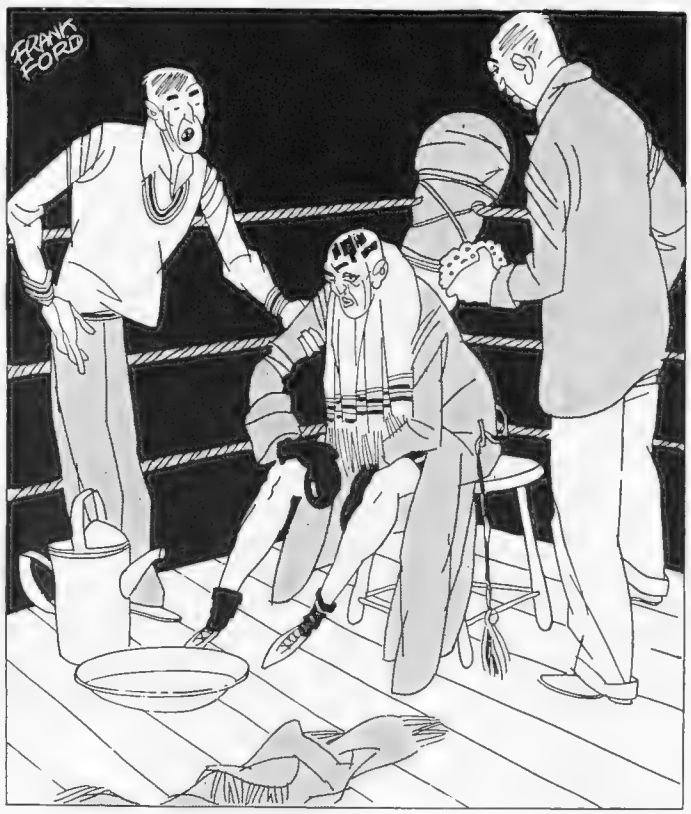
"Too yellow."

"This?"

"Too purple."

"It's very difficult, isn't it? Had we perhaps better *leave* the blue? We might try somewhere else."

"No"—in triumph before a Jean-Baptiste Perroneau — "I've got it. Just right. Now I do hope they can match it. I'll send the young man from the shop round here first thing in the morning. *Loose* covers, do you think?"



BY FRANK FORD

"Come on, Spiker, it's time"
"Not likely! I'm goin' ter sit this one out!"

THERE is a very sinister man (in a beard) who keeps on trying to take an unsuspecting Renoir by surprise.

With a sly, sidelong glance he hides behind the lintel of the door; then darts at the picture with a magnifying glass.

No good. It—whatever "it" may be—has eluded him like a house-fly on a window pane. Try again.

He stalks his prey from another angle. When I pass through half an hour later he is still stalking it. Surely, by now, an arrest is imminent.

Before Nicolas de Largillière's portrait of himself, wife and daughter: "That must be the famous Yvonne Printemps. There, in the middle!"

CURIOUSLY enough, a very fair proportion of visitors still hoot with laughter when they see an Impressionist painting. Rooms X and XI ring with mirth.

"Have you *ever* seen anything to touch it?"

"Drunkard's dream. That's all it is."

"But the clock hasn't any hands."

"No. You see, dear, it's just an *Effect*."

"What's that rose sticking in that loaf for?"

"Sort of different, isn't it."

(I commend to you the epithet "different." It goes down very well. According to modern usage it can stand by itself, without predicate.)

"What I like best are those mosaics."

"What mosaics? They never did mosaics."

"Yes, they did. Look."

"But how very interesting. Who are they by?"

Consultation of catalogue.

"Seurat. Only died in 1891, too. Fancy. He painted, too, it says. Chiefly in Normandy . . ."

Before Cézanne's bristling portrait of himself:

"A bit chocolate-boxy, don't you think?"

"Who owns it?"

"Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill.'

"Well, he can keep it."

If it is not mockery it is a quiet scorn.

"To me" — of the Gaugins — "they're just posters. No more. Come on; let's just dip into the Primitives before lunch."

I am reminded of the remark made by a famous American.

"We Americans," he said, "are taking a great deal of interest in English pictures just now."

"Really," said a friend. "Do they go in for the Pre-Raphaelites at all?"

"No," was the reply. "There is not much market for Primitives."

A Portfolio of Spring Fashions

Compiled by MADGE GARLAND

Photograph by Yevonde

A New Star in A New Hat

MISS Dorothy Bouchier, the English star discovered by Herbert Wilcox, who is now to be seen in "The Blue Danube" is here pictured in a new draped turban from Lady Victor Paget. It is made of velvet in two shades of blue and ties with a jaunty bow high on one side of the head. A peak of the pale blue velvet comes well down over the right eye.

Madge Garland

OF the many styles proposed to us by the modistes last autumn the tam-o'shanter is almost the sole survivor. This continues to be popular though, much disguised and trimmed, it presents a far more formal appearance than did the first models of this description. Many of the new tam-o'shanters or bérets are made of straw, and the type which is draped very much to one side and pulled over the right eye, with the left side trimmed with a cluster of flowers is at the moment a favourite in Paris, particularly when the flowers are nasturtiums.

A novel shape which is carried out in very soft brown straw is draped to one side and trimmed with a brown and gold straw aigrette. Mado

This is one of the most popular of the new season's styles. The black Italian straw béret is trimmed with nasturtiums. Rose Valois

HATS are more One-sided than ever

brings back News from Paris

STRAW has staged a sensational come-back and at the moment there are innumerable straw models, both of the béret variety and brimmed. The most popular type is a soft Italian straw which lends itself well to the draping required by those small hats which perch at an acute angle on our heads, and which now show a tendency to add floral trimmings as a make-weight to their already precarious balance. I also saw a number of delightful new models in that most becoming and comfortable material, grosgrain ribbon, of which a charming example is shown in the photograph below.

Photographs by Scaioni, Paris

A very jaunty sailor hat is carried out in striped blue and white Italian straw bound with a blue ribbon and comes from Jean Patou

Pale green grosgrain ribbon makes this becoming and unusual shape The upturned edges of the brim are frayed. From Rose Valois

The ANGLE of one's BRIM is important

Beauty Culture To-day

How is it Done?

An explicit Answer to the Question: How does Modern Woman retain her Youth?

By SANSAME ACRE

WHEN we see an attractive and young looking woman whom we know to be past a certain age, we naturally wonder how it is done. In this article I shall give away secrets which some women selfishly keep, but I shall only describe those of which I have personal knowledge and experience.

One of the latest and most successful beauty treatments, founded on the invention of a famous doctor and adapted and improved by one of the most progressive of our scientific beauty specialists, savours of the miraculous, until one really understands the process.

A woman should be as delighted with her reflection as her admirers protest they are with herself

As a preliminary, a cast of the patient's face is taken by an artist. A specially prepared, quick-setting clay is used so that the process is neither unpleasant nor tedious. From this a mask is made with a linen surface and a lining which is conductive of electricity. Before this is applied the skin is thoroughly cleansed and then thickly smeared with a radio-active cream. When the mask is adjusted a diathermic current is passed through it. Instead of the prickly and sometimes unpleasant sensation engendered by some forms of electrical treatment, nothing but a warm glow is felt.

Diathermy, one of the latest developments of electrical therapeutics, is thought by some doctors to herald the bloodless surgery of the future. The diathermic ray is known to be particularly penetrative. By means of this mask the deeper circulation is stimulated, the underlying tissues and muscles thereby **naturally** nourished and revitalized and the radio-active cream deeply absorbed. When the fresh and healthy blood current, which is the concomitant of youth, is renewed, the flesh and tissues actually become young again, wrinkles are eliminated and the contour of the face restored. In addition, the electricity absorbed is beneficial to the general health and the patient really feels as well as looks younger.

After the mask is removed a general beauty treatment is given which consists of massage with soothing and emollient creams and toning lotions to make the complexion fresh and radiant. Special firming treatment completes the course. Results are perceptible after the first treatments, particularly about the eyes, where lines of fatigue disappear and the eyes themselves become brighter and clearer. A full course of sixty treatments is advised for complete and lasting rejuvenation but as each treatment, which includes the cleansing, the electrical rejuvenating mask and the complexion treatment, costs no more than what is charged at most establishments for an ordinary face massage or mud mask, it cannot be said to be expensive. Shares in the International Bank of Youth and Beauty are a woman's most remunerative investment, their value never depreciates and the "interest" which accrues is independent of the gold standard!

No one who takes proper care of her complexion need fear the bright light of day

The Brilliance of LAMÉ enlivens our evenings

A short under-jacket and a deep cape weighted with a band of dark brown fur is made of gold lamé shot with exquisite delphinium shades of pale mauve and blue. From Idare

An unusual dinner gown of medieval inspiration is carried out in transparent gold lamé patterned in orange and red. The yoke and sleeves are of gold lace. Eos and Dove

GOLD, if somewhat scarce in our national banks, is once more much in evidence in our ball-rooms and this year there are numerous materials which scintillate in a most satisfying way. Lamé chiffon and cloth of gold, satin and brocade shot with lamé, and metal lace figure in many of the new models, and one of the most successful materials for formal evening gowns is a supple satin in pastel shades brocaded with flowers woven in gold thread. For evening wraps nothing is so satisfying to the eye, nor so practical to wear since it does not easily crease, as a good lamé, particularly when it is shot with multi-coloured flower colours which permit it being worn with several different coloured satin or velvet gowns.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD IN "THE CHEAT"

Left : Elsa Carlyle (Tallulah Bankhead) plays high during a quiet game of baccarat in a scene from the new Paramount film, "The Cheat"

Right : Tallulah Bankhead, as the heroine of the new talkie, "The Cheat," confesses to having killed the gentleman who loved her considerably more than she loved him. The attorney who is questioning her is played by Harvey Stevens

Below : Three of the stars in "The Cheat," the new talkie which started a run at the Carlton Theatre on Friday last. Seen from left to right are Irving Pichel, Jay Fassett and Tallulah Bankhead

AN HILARIOUS FILM

On the left are seen those two bright particular stars of the talkie screen, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, as they appear in all their glory in the R.K.O.-Radio picture, "Peach o'Reno," due at the Leicester Square Theatre on January 29. Above is seen an incident from the film in which they play the parts of divorce lawyers who find plenty of scope for their wisecracking and clowning in the courts of one of those towns which specialise in unknotting marital ties

Claudette Colbert strenuously resists the hearty advances of her admirer in her new Paramount film, "His Woman." Gary Cooper plays opposite to her in this entertaining talkie

round the town
by Jane Gordon

Since the Middle Ages there can hardly have been a more youthful wedding than that of Lord Jersey and Miss Patricia Richards. St. Margaret's, Westminster, was absolutely packed, and when all the guests arrived at Lord Leigh's Grosvenor Square House for the reception, one felt that the house might burst asunder at any moment. Among the hundreds of pretty girls, those that were most conspicuously attractive were Lady Audrey Talbot, who was wearing a dress with a flame-coloured top with a dark skirt, and a small crocheted cap of flame-coloured wool. Lady Patricia Moore was in a thick black velvet dress which had an amusing Peter Pan collar edged with white ermine. Mrs. Drury-Lowe, who was in brown, wore the most delightful brown felt hat shaped rather like a curé's. There was a flame-coloured bandeau under one side of the brim, which made it tilt at the correct angle. Lady Violet Pakenham, one of Lord Jersey's cousins on the Longford side, was in deep emerald green with an emerald green felt hat which was trimmed with a big bunchy velvet ribbon bow at the back. Mrs. Richards, the bride's mother, wore the most lovely costume of sapphire blue velvet, the long coat of which was trimmed with an enormous silver-fox collar, while the bride's going-away dress was a woollen material in the new shade of blue, the coat of which had a large collar of reddish-brown fox.

THE JERSEY-RICHARDS WEDDING

Above: Lady Audrey Talbot (left), Lady Georgina Curzon, and Miss Betty du Pré leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after the wedding between the Earl of Jersey and Miss Pat Richards. Below is seen another guest, Mrs. John Drury-Lowe

When women are feeling happy they wear gay clothes, and their clothes have been gayer than ever during the past week. All shades, from geranium pink and orange to bright scarlet, have been worn during the daytime. Mrs. Van Neck was one of the smartest women lunching at the Ritz the other day. She wore a plainly tailored dress of red wool, which had a black, V-shaped yoke, under a jacket of black sealskin cut very loosely and so short that it hardly reached her waist. I cannot imagine why more women have not taken to sealskin this season. It is extremely becoming when used to trim coats or for the short jackets. It is a change from all the hard furs, such as astrakhan and shorn lamb, that we have seen so much of; and the old-fashioned brownish-red sealskin makes the most lovely revers, cuffs, or collars on evening coats in all off-white shades of satin or angel skin.

A great many mothers with schoolboy sons are up in London now doing the usual round of matinées interspersed with visits to the dentist, the circus, and heavy restaurant meals, before the term begins again. Mrs. Fenwick (Peggy Marsh), who is one of the youngest and prettiest of these mothers, was having a five-minute rest and a cocktail at the Embassy a day or two ago. She was just up from the country on her way to join her son. Her clothes were entirely suitable for every occasion, from dentist to circus, for she was dressed in a long coat of soft speckled grey tweed with an enormous collar of lynx, and a scarf of bright orange crêpe de Chine. Her hat was a shallow, round grey felt with a small brim to it.

Although the Embassy bar was crowded with gaily-dressed women that day, by far the gayest figure was Colonel Freddie Cripps, who appeared in outer garments that looked as if they were designed for Alpine climbing. Over his ordinary lounge suit he wore a cape-coat of shepherd's plaid with over-checks. The coat part, which was buttoned from neck to hem, reached just below the hip-line, and the voluminous cape was waist-length. In his hand he carried a good, stout knobbly stick, and on his head he wore an ordinary Homburg hat to match his lounge suit.

The most popular colours for evening dresses of late have been all shades, from a faded bluebell (which is almost mauve) to a deep midnight blue. Miss Leonora Wodehouse was dancing the other evening in a severely tailored frock of violet crêpe edged with bands of pale mauve of the same material. This was one of several dresses in the restaurant that had a train which could be hooked up to form a drapery while dancing.

Lady Adair, who was with another party, also wore a pale mauve dress with a short velvet jacket of a deeper shade. There were at least three women wearing midnight blue, and six more in various shades, all between blue and mauve. There were only two red dresses in the room. One was worn by Lady Sackville, and the other by Mrs. Seeley.

FLYING NOTES

The FUTURE of BRITISH FLYING Clubs

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

The arrival of "Hadrian" at Karachi on December 20 after crossing not only the Alps, but the Mediterranean, the desert, and the Persian Gulf. This flight, in the words of that breezy history book, "1066 and All That," "may become memorable, for it was certainly a good thing"

Mrs. Watt, the wife of Commander Watt who manages the Airport at Karachi and is the Air Ministry's representative. Karachi is the modern gateway of India, through which will pass an ever-increasing number of travellers, destined not only for India itself, but for the whole of the Far East

The Need for Bigger Subsidy

THE petrol tax has been an unkind blow to the Clubs, all of which are finding some difficulty in staying in the air owing to the low subsidy rate. It will be quite impossible for most Members' Clubs to keep going if the subsidy is not renewed in some form or another, and one must hope that the Air Ministry can present a good enough case to the Treasury for continued support, spread over a further period of years. The existence of the Clubs has been a very important factor in our progress as a flying nation, and we owe part of our growing export trade in aircraft to support from the home market, which has in turn been developed largely through Club flying. It costs the Clubs roughly £3 per flying hour for each machine, and it has been found that the average member cannot afford to pay more than £2 an hour. In the past the gap has been bridged by the subsidy, the generosity of local patrons, and the profits from flying meetings. The agreement with the Government expires in July, and it should be renewed on a basis of payment by results for a further period of at least five years. If we can afford to spend thousands of pounds a year in subsidising Grand Opera, the League of Nations, Commissions on Licensing Reform, and other unnecessary luxuries, there is a good case for the Flying Clubs. Though we hate to admit it, we are fighting for our very existence at the present time, and anything which will improve our efficiency in trade and transport must be supported.

Trophies

WHAT is commonly known as "pot-hunting," being the art of collecting cups, medals, and other ornamental rewards for success in competitions, is prevalent in all sports. The actual "pot" may be of no intrinsic value, but it is a convenient symbol used to attract the attention of those who wish to test their skill against their fellows. The Schneider Trophy was the most coveted of all amongst prizes for flying, and this has been won outright by Great Britain. The King's Cup and the Siddeley Trophy are awarded each year as a result of a race limited to British subjects and machines. One of the most interesting competitions, as distinct from a race proper, is that which takes place at Hamble, the headquarters of the International Flying School, where pupils are awarded marks for their skill in "blind flying," the winner receiving a trophy presented by Gale and Polden, of Aldershot. For the year ending December 31 last the highest marks were secured by Mr. Oscar Garden, the runner-up being Mr. F. D. Bradbrooke, an assistant editor of the *Aeroplane*, with Lady Bailey in third place. Mr. Garden was one of the first pilots to fly solo from England to Australia, and it was largely on account of his difficulties and delays on this trip, due to bad weather, that he decided to take a "blind flying" course. He is at present touring South Africa with an air circus.

The Viceroy's Cup

THEIR Excellencies the Viceroy and the Countess of Willingdon have offered a Challenge Cup for an annual race to be held in India. Competitors are limited to Indian pilots and all others holding an "A" licence, but excluding "B" licence holders, the main object being to stimulate Club and sporting flying, which has languished somewhat during the past year owing to the unsettled state of trade. Wing-Commander A. R. C. Cooper, Secretary of the Aero Club of India and Burma, is organising the first event, which will take place on February 20. A triangular course of 600 to 700 miles is proposed, the start and finish to be at Delhi. Not since H.H. the Aga Khan's prize for a flight between England and India has there been any incentive for competition between Indian pilots. The four original clubs at Delhi, Karachi, Bombay, and Calcutta, commenced flying at the beginning of 1929, since when others have been formed in the Punjab, at Madras and Jodhpur. The number of "ab initio" pilots trained up till the end of last year approaches 300, of whom approximately half were Europeans and the other half Indians, with a few foreign nationals. As in England, the Clubs have to work on a lower subsidy. Sir Victor Sassoon, Bart., who is Chairman of the Aero Club, created a fund in 1931 by the gift of a lakh of rupees.

Events of the Month

THE first of the regular weekly machines to Cape Town is due to leave Croydon to-day, carrying, in addition to mails, two official passengers, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Vyell Vyvyan and Mr. Bertram.

GOLF GOSSIP

FROM TEE TO GREEN By Lieut.-Col. W. Elwy Jones

Mr. R. A. de Montgomery and Mr. Bernard Darwin, two former winners, with the President's Putter at the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's recent meeting at Rye. The President's Putter, which carries with it the Championship of the Society, was won by L. G. Crawley, who beat A. J. Evans at the 21st

HAVE you heard of the Two Club? I had not until last week-end, when, playing at Sandy Lodge, we had made our tee shots at the short 8th and were both on the green, my opponent asked me this question. He explained that there was no entrance fee or subscription, and only one rule, which was that when two members of the club were playing together a player doing a hole in two received a shilling from the other. He added: "Now, before you putt, will you be a member?" I answered in the affirmative, and we settled down to the serious business of putting; he laid his first putt dead, and I sank my two-yarder for a two and duly received a shilling.

The next hole was a disaster to me, but at the 10th I laid my tee shot dead and gained my second shilling. Obviously, the "Two Club" is a fine institution! I have failed to discover who started it. Major Guy Bennett, who was responsible for my friend joining, could not tell me, and was not sure if it existed except at Sandy Lodge, but since then I have discovered several other members who have joined other clubs. My advice is: "Join now."

AS I anticipated, owing to the financial depression, many clubs are losing members. I hear that there were over fifty resignations from one well-known provincial golf club at the end of the year.

MR. H. SIMONIS has just been elected captain of Wimbledon Park Golf Club. This club has probably the second largest membership in the Greater London area.

Mr. Simonis was introduced to the club by his great friend, the late Sir Hedley Le Bas, over twenty years ago, and became a member of the committee very shortly after. He is a past captain of the Newspaper Advertisers' Golfing Society, of which he was one of the founders, and has also been on the committee of the now famous Lucifer Golfing Society since its inception. His golfing successes include the winning of the Newspaper Golfing Society's Foursomes with the late Sir Hedley Le Bas, and the *Daily Mail* Challenge Cup in the same society, the Captain's Prize at Wimbledon Park, and the Wimbledon Park Foursomes Competition with Leslie Henson as partner. So far as this win is concerned, knowing the pair of them, I am not at all sure whether it was their golf which carried them through or if their funny stories so convulsed their opponents with laughter that they were unable to play

Mr. Simonis is a well-known director of the *News-Chronicle* and *Star*, and is the author of "The Street of Ink."

Claude Harris

MR. H. SIMONIS

The noted publicist and a well-known figure in daily journalism. He was recently elected Captain of Wimbledon Park Golf Club

THIS is not one of Leslie Henson's or Mr. Simonis's stories, but I hope it is new.

A man arrived at a club without a partner. The secretary could not find an opponent for him, but just as the secretary was leaving the club a lady arrived also without an opponent. He arranged for the two to play together, but forgot to introduce them. On the first tee the man said: "It's very nice of you to play with me; and I think I should introduce myself. My name is Peter, but I'm not a saint," to which the lady, who stuttered slightly, replied, "M-m-m-y name is M-m-mary, but I'm not a v-v-v-very good golfer."

THE Golf Ball was indeed a success. After meeting all expenses it realised £602 9s. General Sir Hubert Gough and Colonel Verey extended their grateful thanks to the golfers whose hard work had resulted in the hospital receiving a satisfactory sum of money when it is sorely needed. Mr. Guy Harben, who was also largely responsible for its success, told Mr. G. D. Hannay and members of the golf committee that they had been elected life governors of the hospital.

FRANCIS OUIMET, the American Amateur Champion, has been appointed captain of the American Walker Cup team for the coming match in America, but the selection of the team was not proceeded with in view of the possibility of the match not taking place owing to the present economic conditions.

CONGRATULATIONS to Leonard Crawley on his winning the President's Putter.

The weather was atrocious, and on the Saturday a raging gale was blowing, players being quite unable to keep their feet. The final between Crawley and A. J. Evans was a determined struggle. Both players made mistakes. The match was all square at the 11th; from the 13th, hole after hole was halved, and only at the 21st did Crawley get a chance here. Evans' tee shot finished up against the railings. Crawley played the hole to perfection, and the President's Putter was his.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

JEWS, GENTILES & GIPSIES

By "JUNIUS"

MR. CHARLES GRAVES has discovered a new way of telling an old story, and in *Gone Abroad* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson: 9s. 6d.) he has done it remarkably well. Your travel-books, as a rule, follow dry-as-dust lines, the charm and interest of the countries they describe being smothered out of sight by information. Not so with Mr. Graves. He takes you to Germany and Belgium, and whilst every page conveys some useful information or suggestion which the wise traveller will follow, he re-creates the atmosphere of every place he writes about. His information, too, is many-sided, and will appeal equally to the more serious-minded and to those who like to know where they can dance, eat and drink well, and be comfortably housed, from Hamburg to Munich, taking Berlin, Leipsig, Dresden and Wiesbaden, and other places on the way. The trip down the Rhine is so attractively done that I expect many of his readers will follow Mr. Graves's itinerary next summer.

MR. GRAVES applies the same delightful method to Belgium, and English visitors will be grateful for the list of names under which drinks are now camouflaged in that dry-wet country. Anybody spending a holiday in Germany or Belgium will miss a great deal of pleasure and interest unless they take *Gone Abroad* with them.

THERE will doubtless be considerable controversy over Mr. Gilbert Frankau's latest novel, *Christopher Strong* (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.). And the arguments will depend entirely on individual points of view as to marital infidelity. Sir Christopher Strong, a rich grocer with shops all over the country, is the central figure. He has succeeded in everything he has undertaken, "marriage, business, soldiering or politics—all his attacks hitherto had been successful ones." He meets Lady Felicity Darrington, a charming, fascinating woman, and a breaker of speed records, through a motor accident in which her car is wrecked. This meeting leads to the story—the relationship between the man and the woman, and the attitude of the man's wife to that relationship, which she discovers by intuition born of her love for her husband. Strong has always desired to have a son. Lady Felicity is bearing his child when she is killed whilst attempting to break a height record in an aeroplane, and Strong returns to his wife.

THESE are the outlines of a strong and absorbing story told with the mass of colour Mr. Frankau always gives us. You wonder, perhaps, what would have happened if Lady Felicity had not been killed, but I take it that the moral of the tale lies in Christopher Strong's reflection at its close, "Maybe this was the whole secret of the world—Home and the One Woman."

THE same note—the desire for a son—is the motif of *The Village Pompadour* (Werner Laurie: 7s. 6d.), by Joan Conquest. But with the best will in the world, for my part, I can't believe in the heroine, Honour Bright. Two millions of Miss Conquest's books have been sold, all of them with foreign and exotic settings. In an autograph foreword she says she has been asked "from all over the world" to write an English love-story, and *The Village Pompadour* is her answer. Honour Bright is so devastatingly lovely that men of all ranks and degrees fall in love with her—monotonously so. When I tell you that the father of her child writes out a cheque for ten thousand pounds, when he believes her faithless, and that she cooks a seven-course dinner without a single cookery lesson, you can imagine the atmosphere of the book. The spirit of Ouida is not dead.

MR. CHARLES GRAVES Hughes

Whose new book, "Gone Abroad," is reviewed on this page. It is published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson, at 9s. 6d.

IN six of the eight stories in Lady Eleanor Smith's *Satan's Circus and Other Stories* (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.) you will find the same realistic atmosphere of the travelling circus and gipsy life which made *Red Wagon* and *Flamenco* so memorable and so popular. The first and second stories, *Satan's Circus* and *Mrs. Raeburn's Waxwork*, show that Lady Eleanor has a particular gift in conveying the macabre and gaining the full effect of the horrible by reticence. In *Satan's Circus*, for example, you learn that Lya Brandt, wife of the proprietor of the Circus Brandt, is a species of were-wolf without a word of definite statement from the writer. Few authors have this gift of suggestiveness. Again, in *Mrs. Raeburn's Waxwork* you get the psychological influence of an evil woman hanged for the murder of her husband. Although that was twenty years before, her wax figure in a travelling waxwork show brings about a hideous tragedy. Again a clever piece of suggestion.

LADY ELEANOR SMITH

A collection of whose short stories has recently been published, under the title "Satan's Circus and Other Stories," by Gollancz. The book is sold at 7s. 6d.

In the *Portrait of a Strong Man* and in *The Brothers* you are plunged into the cosmopolitan circus in America and on the Continent. There are some brilliant vignettes of freaks, notably Buxom Bertha, the Fat Lady, who was "always fretful just as she was always afraid, afraid of growing thinner." The last story, *One O'Clock*, is a clever study of a mistress about to be discarded. *Candlelight*, *The Hurdy Gurdy*, and *Sweet Spanish Ladies* are set in gipsy life, and convey, as only Lady Eleanor can convey, the haunting fascination of the race. But personally I think Lady Eleanor is happier on larger canvases, where she has full scope for the development of her characters.

FRANKLY, I am not an admirer of all that Miss Ethel Mannin has written, but she has reached a level in *Linda Shawn* (Jarrolds) which excites the warmest admiration. There is great beauty in her descriptions of the decaying farmhouse, "Shawn's," and the wild lands about it; power and fascination, too, in the portrayal of the

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

feckless Andrew Shawn; his ambitious and always disappointed wife, Ellen; their gloomy elder son, Stephen; and the lovable younger one, David. These, a maidservant, Rose, and a young fisherman, form the background of Linda Shawn's life. She is a child of twelve when the story opens; fifteen at its close. The question may arise, "Would a child so young experience such a gamut of emotions?" But Miss Mannin answers that question convincingly. Without a doubt, her best book.

INSTEAD of the usual hero and heroine Mr. Louis Golding has chosen a street as the subject of *Magnolia Street* (Gollancz), a poor street in Donnington, which we may take for Manchester. It is a strange street. Jews live on one side, Gentiles on the other, yet as widely separated as if they lived in different countries. They live entirely aloof from one another until some upheaval proves greater than the spiritual and racial differences and brings them together. Three of these occasions are the great moments of Mr. Golding's book. The first is in 1910, when both sides of the street rejoice together over the saving of a Gentile child by a young Jew. But when the Jew marries the boy's mother all the racial hatred bursts out again. The next occasion is when the War breaks out; the third in 1930, when the lightweight champion of the world and an American millionairess—both of whom sprang from Magnolia Street—entertain the street at a wonderful party.

But in between these three occasions lies the history of a hundred lives, scattered all over the world; each life had its beginning in Magnolia Street. You will see it is a book on the big scale. The achievement is as big as the conception. Certainly the most outstanding book in the first flight of this year's fiction. I am not exaggerating when I say it has a touch of genius.

THE world owes more to Sir Flinders Petrie in the discovery of ancient Egypt than to any other archæologist. It has been his life's work, as you will learn from his book, *Seventy Years in Archæology* (Sampson Low: 18*s*.). This passion for ancient history began at the age of eight, when he started to collect Roman and Greek coins. At twenty-seven he went to Egypt for the work of excavation, from which he has reconstructed the history of an ancient people whose records had been buried in desert sands for centuries.

Dorothy Wilding

MR. GILBERT FRANKAU

Whose latest novel, "Christopher Strong," is reviewed on the preceding page. It is published by Hutchinson at 7s. 6d

When Sir Flinders went to Egypt he says "nothing had a meaning unless it were an inscription or a sculpture." Now, after fifty years, he is able to write: "The whole machinery of research has never been so well developed, and the only hindrance is insufficiency of means, for, in the absence of any Government help, the progress of researches depends entirely on the public." This machinery has been built upon Sir Flinders' work of half a century, a record which reads like a romance.

AFTER I had read *The Facts of Fiction* (Gollancz: 10*s*. 6*d*.), by Norman Collins, I was left in that midway place between admiration and anger for which the fully descriptive adjective has yet to be invented. I will begin with the admiration. This was born of the tremendous range of Mr. Collins's reading—from Richardson to the salacious Joyces, Evelyn Waugh, and D. H. Lawrence, taking Scott, Thackeray, the Brontës, Meredith, Hardy, and Henry James in its poring over novels. Now comes my anger. Mr. Collins derides Jane Austen, saying that the boundaries of her mind were the size of a hen-coop. But he overlooks the fact that genius can describe the inside of a hen-coop with the same reality that Thackeray could give to the world of a Becky Sharp, or Dickens to the world of Oliver Twist. Now I am told that Mr. Collins is only twenty-four I have no longer any anger; only admiration. Beautiful paths through our fiction lie open for such perception. And he will learn a great deal about Jane Austen when older. "JUNIUS."

THE SUBURBAN STREAK (continued from page 126)

"Yesterday I had you followed. A private enquiry agent. I've his report here."

She sat stock still stunned. So that childish, innocent escapade would come out and ruin this nascent reconciliation—so unexpected, miraculous, so full of possibilities that yesterday had seemed inconceivable. She had escaped being hanged for the sheep, but was to suffer for the lamb.

That boy—that queer, melancholy boy, who had without knowing it prevented her meeting Nugent!

But Lindsay wouldn't understand. She pictured his dismay and fury. Picking up a stray young man! Having tea with him! Monstrous!

"Yes, you went to Kew, he says," Lindsay said, eyeing the report. "There you—oh, yes, the magnolia. Then went on by the pagoda, skirted the lake—sat looking out over the river . . . tea . . . came back by bus . . ."

Lindsay paused, then read aloud:

"'Obviously she kept no assignation. She was never out of my sight for a moment till she returned home.'"

Lindsay laid the letter down on the table.

"I—apologise," he said. "I beg your pardon."

She remembered. The boy had said his present job was a loathsome one. If he told her what he did she would shy away as though he were a leper. She thrilled. Pretending he thought her unmarried. Talking as he did to—try to influence her. Queer, queer boy!

"Carol," said Lindsay—quite a different Lindsay, "I'm frightfully sorry. I've wronged you. I was jealous—miserable. You see, I—I love you. I'm so—so damned sorry."

"Don't be," she said, and went to him, holding out both her hands. "If I fell out of love with you—and I did, I admit I did—or thought I did—I fell in love with nobody else. I've not—let you down, Lindsay. Let's let bygones rip. Let's call it fifty-fifty. Don't let's be sorry. Let's be—glad."

WHEN somebody, telling him about seeing the Lindsay Burnetts in Paris dining and dancing at Les Enfants Terribles, said: "Damned if anybody wouldn't have thought they were lovers on the loose," Nugent sighed, and observed:

"Poor little Carol, I always did notice in her a pronounced streak of—Upper Tooting. O. A.

MOTOR NOTES

HOLIDAYS AT HOME By E. M. Wright

PICTURES of popular Scottish resorts buried deep in snow may tempt a winter sports enthusiast, but women motorists will not be the only ones to whom such pictures bring a nightmare dread of drifts and skids. Many a strong, silent man has slunk into a railway carriage rather than face the imagined terrors of driving over snow-covered roads. If women motorists of the sterner sort can face the rigours of the Arctic Circle, are the women and men who stay at home to neglect their cars because of a little seasonable weather?

***

WHETHER you go to Scotland or whether you merely wish to travel fifty miles away, you need have no fear that you will come upon impassable roads or get buried in story-book fashion in a snowdrift. The A.A. and the R.A.C. both issue regular reports upon road conditions. You have only to read your paper or to listen-in to the wireless to know the worst. Motorists, men or women, who set off blindly over mountain passes have only themselves to thank if they find themselves in difficulties.

***

AND do not suppose that because the Riviera is almost forbidden ground this year that the winter months are to be a period of uninterrupted gloom. Your car is waiting, champing its bit in the garage for a swift run to England's own winter holiday resorts—where, by the way, the sun does shine more often than is ever admitted by those who in other years have fled to the Mediterranean. Though you sigh for the soft airs of the Riviera, our English counterpart is far from being a desolate, storm-swept coast, where men huddle in scarves and pullovers, and women spend their lives wrapped in furs. Such talk is "subversive enemy propaganda." British winter resorts have many advantages not shared by those on the Continent, and not the least of these is their nearness. Week-end visits are possible, and busy men can spare a few days where it would be useless to go abroad.

***

IT is easy to go by car, and you have no need for the dossier of official documents that is necessary when you cross the Channel. There are no Customs difficulties, garage hands may talk in dialect, but at least they will speak of the innards of the car in honest English. There will be no agonised searching after the French for some simple but quite unexplainable gadget. In England there is no octroi to harass you as you enter a town, and you will not find yourself absent-mindedly driving on the wrong side of the road.

***

A CAR is more valuable still to those for whom winter holidays are an impossibility. For such as these a day's run in the open country will go far to relieve the gloom of winter. Gloom, indeed, is a city disease. The everlasting smoke, the grey houses and sloppy roads make our winter seem worse than it really is. Even on sunless days, the open countryside has its charm—if you will only look for it. Again I protest that I am no fresh-air fiend who pretends to enjoy motoring even in the foulest weather. I freely admit that there are days when I would not take out the car save for the most urgent reasons, but there are days, and many days, when I would not stay indoors. I do not despise the weather; rather do I pay it exaggerated respect. Failure to enjoy a winter's run is almost always because you have foolishly ignored the weather. Winter motoring calls for more care and more planning than a run in summer, but, if you give this little extra care, it may be more pleasurable than many a summer tour.

***

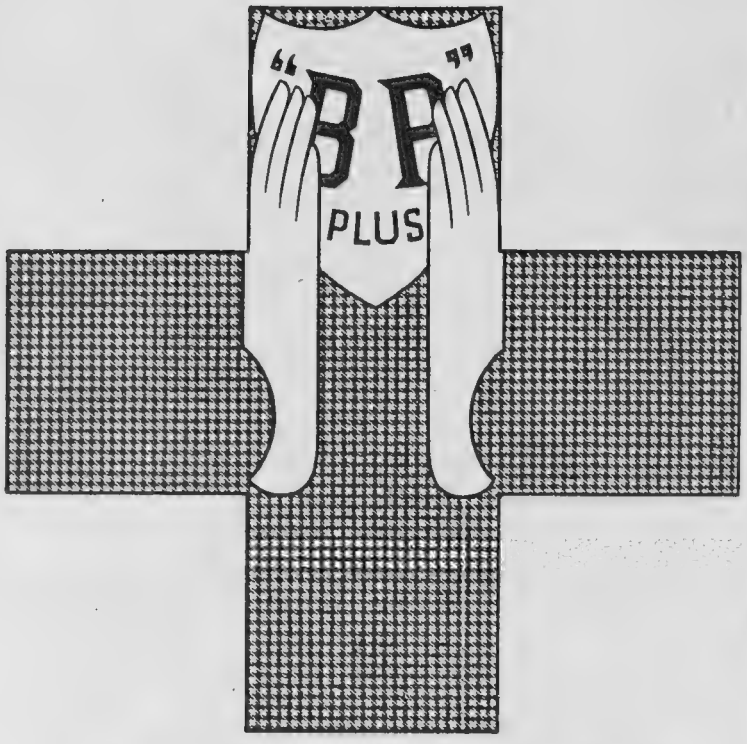
UNLESS you have a real eye for country, aimless motoring at any time of the year is liable to become a dull and listless amusement. In winter, especially, it is essential to map out where you are going. There is, first of all, the question of time. In short days, short runs are best. And choose your country. Spots that are lovely in summer may be as dull and as lifeless as the tomb in winter.

***

KEEP to the hills. Wide views gain rather than lose in beauty at this time of the year. Frosty sunshine will give colour to the scene. The Downs and the Moors are always lovely, and hills with their tops lost in clouds are lovelier still. Remember, too, that popular beauty spots vulgarised by crowds in summer can be enjoyed, as they should be enjoyed, in the quietness of winter. Remember, also, that roads thronged with an endless stream of cars in the "season" may at this time of the year be almost free of traffic.

Mr. D. H. Noble's Hillman Wizard with the Eccles Caravan which it towed in the recent Monte Carlo Rally, the first time a caravan was taken on the run of 1,847 miles. With equipment and baggage the extra load was nearly a ton, and five passengers were carried—a striking testimony to the Wizard's wonderful power and strength

Left: A Rolls-Royce in a very tight squeeze. The photograph was taken in a village in Italian Switzerland



AHOY!

B P PLUS

Plus what?

Plus a little something some others haven't got

B P Plus has an addition to the petrol which greatly increases the efficiency of any engine.

DOGS

THE BROKEN BRUTE

By Lady Kitty Ritson

A photograph taken at the Abbotspass Kennels, at Leigh, Surrey. Mrs. Staines, the owner, is seen with some of her champion St. Bernards

I HAVE a letter from a correspondent asking me how "to break a dog in to obedience." How I loathe that word "break." It makes me think of slavery and the days of one's childhood when governesses used to say brightly, "Your spirit needs breaking, my child." There are still slaves to be found in various parts of the world, although it may not be officially recognised, and their masters believe in "breaking" their spirit. I once witnessed the "breaking" of a slave, and I never wish to see such a thing again. In the end he was insane from fear.

BUT one sees the same thing with a great number of dog owners who think that there is something fine in "breaking" a dog's spirit. Good heavens! it is the most terrible and spiritually wicked thing that you can do. Who are you that you should mar something wonderful, that you can never re-make? A dog or a child, or even an adult, for that matter, with a broken spirit is a cruel sight. Life breaks up people and animals quite soon enough without adding to the number. If you had ever looked into the eyes of a dog whose spirit has been broken you would never wish to do so again. So I beg of my correspondent that she will put such a word out of her vocabulary.

THE properly treated dog obeys you because it loves you sufficiently to enjoy doing so, although I do not pretend that it can be accomplished without discipline and without a beating or two. But a beating should never be given when you yourself are in a temper I can remember my father, who was a stern disciplinarian, but a wonderful man, beating me pretty severely on the back of my small hands for telling a lie. He was very angry, but before each stripe he hit his own hand first, so as to be sure of the exact amount of pain inflicted, and there was weal for weal on his hands and mine. I could wish that dog owners would follow his example.

A DOG that is "broken" in spirit is a lasting reproach to its owner, and a dog that, when called, shrinks away as if expecting a beating, tells its own tale. A well-treated dog may come up with a deprecating air and a drooping tail to receive its just punishment, but it will come because, although it may sense reproach, it knows that it will only receive justice. I know that you read of a "well-broken gun-dog," but they are generally miserable, hand-shy animals, broken by blows and curses rather than by science. Your real expert does not want a dog that is afraid to come and retrieve to hand; he wants a joyful worker.

SO the next time that you think your dog wants a beating, wait and count twenty in the good old-fashioned way, as you were taught to do when you were a child. Let the beating be a beating by all means; don't just tickle, but be sure that you are calm inwardly and that it is given in the true spirit of "it hurts me more than it hurts you," and when it is over don't nag! Nagging is a particularly feminine offence, and is one of the reasons why most women are not fit to be at the head of other women. You may preserve a pained silence for a bit, and ignore the pushing and penitent nose, but don't chatter like a monkey and keep on explaining to the dog how "naughty" he is. Bygones should be bygones, and few women can bear to let them remain so, either with a dog or a husband

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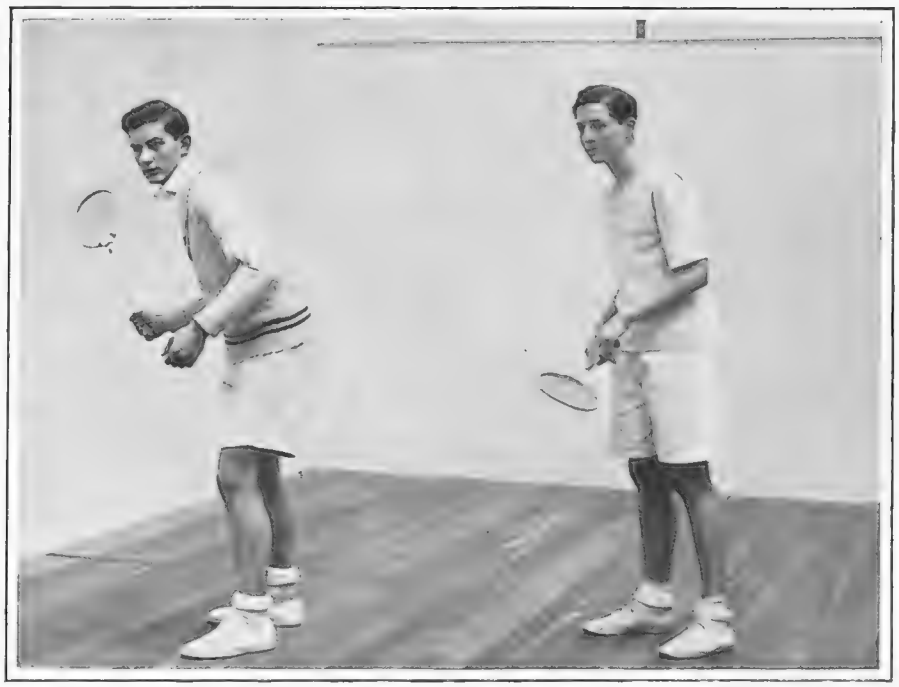
SHOOTING NOTES



The finalists in the recent Public Schools Squash Racquets Handicap at Queen's Club, K. A. H. Read (owe 5) and V. J. R. Yglesias (scratch), both of Lancing. The former won by three games to one, the scores being 9—4, 6—9, 9—6, 9—4

"HUMANE" RABBIT KILLING

By "CLODHOPPER"

IN the event of February proving to be mild and open, the highly prolific rabbit will be busily engaged in matters marital, and, consequently, both trapping and ferreting should be discontinued at the finish of the present month. In any case, the keeper who knows his job, and who studies the interest of not only his employer but of the neighbouring farmers also, will have pruned down his rabbit stock to the utmost limit well before the breeding period of these rodents has commenced.

WHILE admitting that spring-traps are essential in keeping down vermin on game preserves, I have a deeply rooted hatred toward every pattern of these implements of torture. From personal experience I am convinced that the comparatively painless method of netting, if skilfully worked, is one of the most effective—and certainly the most humane—systems of keeping down a stock of rabbits.

ALONG net, such as the Collington drop-net, can often be used with great effect along the covert sides, but on ground of a formation or character that does not lend itself to this old and well-known night-poacher's "dodge," the burrows should be enclosed by high string netting set up with hazel woods of suitable length. In this case ferrets must be brought into play, and these, whenever possible, should be muzzled. Unfortunately, however, ferrets not infrequently refuse to work an inch when muzzled. The idea of the muzzle, of course, is to prevent rabbits being killed and ferrets lying-up.

FAR less severe than the spring-trap, and equally efficacious in rabbit-catching, is the *ordinary* wire snare. The adjective is italicised advisedly as I regard the so-called "humane snare" (of which, incidentally, the R.S.P.C.A. sell upwards of 60,000 per annum at a penny apiece) as being not a whit less cruel an invention than the spring-trap itself.

ONE has but to walk round the snares of a morning to realise that the majority of rabbits taken in the old pattern snares are strangled very quickly, whereas many of those caught by means of the "humane" snare, although, generally speaking, still alive, are only too often found straining within the wire noose in a state of pitiable terror, with necks swollen and eyes bulging out of the sockets. The ploughed-up state of the ground immediately round the tae-peg, too, speaks eloquently of the unspeakable fright experienced by the captive in its hopeless struggles to escape.

IN this type of spring quick death from strangulation is prevented by a knot tied 5½ inches from the top of the running noose. But again I say that the "humane" snare, despite the title which has been bestowed upon it, is, in my opinion at any rate, one of the most *inhumane* snares on the market.

AS a matter of fact, there is, unhappily, no such thing as a humane snare or spring-trap, and to the man who invents either one or the other awaits not only a fortune but also great kudos and a wealth of gratitude from every right-minded British sportsman, gamekeeper, and trapper. One hears very favourable reports of the "Rabbit Jerk," a snare fitted with a spring for tightening the noose round the neck of a rabbit. It also jerks the animal off the ground, and, presumably, kills it instantly. Not having seen the invention in action I am unable to express any opinion in regard to its merits.

ON small shoots where rabbits are not too thick on the ground the stock may often be reduced to within reasonable limits by two or three expert rabbit shots and a couple of experienced men to work the ferrets. Excellent fun is ferreting on a calm January morning, with a nip of frost in the air, and a glint of sunshine on the bejewelled meadows. And if you have a youngster to "enter" there is no better time in which to instruct in the safe handling and use of a gun than during "holiday" rabbiting. In crisp weather rabbits almost invariably bolt freely and afford pretty enough snap-shooting as they pop out of one hole and into the next, as so frequently happens in a warren or big burrow.

THIS is the kind of practice that teaches a youthful sportsman to be quick but cool in getting on to ground game. A tyro should, however, be checked (not rated) immediately he evinces the "chuck-and-chance-it" style of shooting, which is very easy to pick up whilst rabbiting.

WHERE rabbits are plentiful heavy toll of them, and rattling good sport to boot, may be obtained by "stinking out," as described in previous Shooting Notes. Don't take the trouble to go a-ferretin' in wet weather or after a heavy fall of snow. The rodents sit tight in their subterranean quarters when such conditions prevail, and digging out "laid-up" ferrets is but a poor game at best.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

STAND EASY DECISIONS

THE number of cases revealed by gamekeeper advertisements, where rearing is to be abandoned, makes sad reading. Possibly conditions will improve sufficiently to enable some of these decisions to be revised in time for attempting a modest programme. Meanwhile, war-time policy might be adopted with modifications. During that go-easy period the older staff carried on to the best of its ability and with the limited resources available. With those peculiar handicaps not now present, there is no reason why really interesting experiments should not be made in order to find out how far a shoot can be made self-sustaining with the aid of intensive vermin trapping and such other activities as freedom from game-rearing preoccupations render possible. One often hears that a not too plentiful staff is apt to neglect winged vermin during its nesting period and to leave the coverts to take care of themselves at the very time when they should be rigorously cleared in readiness for the young birds to take up residence. Of four-footed beasts rats, grey squirrels and moles might be persistently attacked all through the game breeding season, just to see how far the rough shoot idea can be exploited. In another section, coots and moorhens are known to be hostile to nesting ducks; yet how many are there who systematically gather the eggs of these unwanteds? A serious piece of shooting can so be retained as a shoot in being.

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Turbot à la Crème d'Anchois.

Poulet à la Bohémienne.
Céleri au Jus.

Crème de Marrons.

Croûtes au Foie.

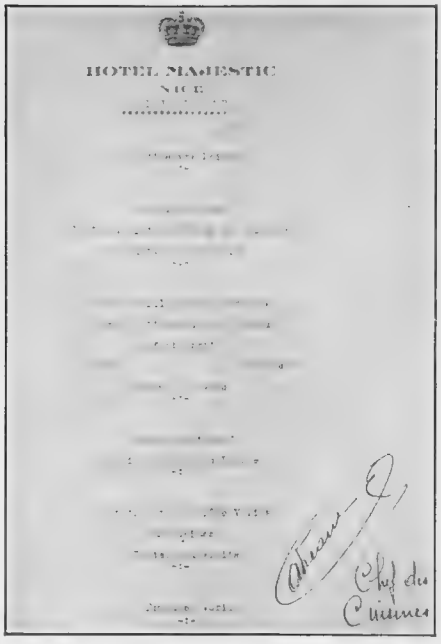
Dessert. Café.

Turbot à la Crème d'Anchois

Rub one pound of turbot through a sieve, add one teaspoonful of bread-crumbs which have been soaked in milk and drained as dry as possible, half a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, half a teacupful of thick cream, half a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of mace, and a dash of cayenne. Then fold in the beaten white of four eggs, turn into a turban mould, and steam for twenty minutes. Fill the centre with green peas. Pour round the form a rich cream sauce flavoured with anchovy. Serve very hot.

Poulet à la Bohémienne

Cut up a chicken into joints as for frying. Melt enough butter to cover the bottom of a casserole, add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, put in the chicken, and cover it with some very small onions and about 2 lb. of small potatoes, each cut into four. Flavour with salt, pepper, and a little mace.



The menu of an attractive luncheon served recently at the Hotel Majestic at Nice. It has been signed by the Chef des Cuisines

It will take forty minutes to cook in a good oven. The onions should be well done, and the whole dish a good brown colour. Arrange it all very closely together in a silver dish, and pour over it three or four tablespoonfuls of hot, dissolved glaze, and serve.

Céleri au Jus

Parboil some celery, drain it, and put it into a stewpan; toss it in a little butter. Add some good meat gravy to it and a tomato. Simmer till the celery is quite cooked; then strain the sauce over it.

Crème de Marrons

Boil about twenty chestnuts in a pint of milk and a gill of water. When tender skin and pound them. Put four ounces of sugar in a small saucepan with half a teacupful of water. Boil it till it is a syrup. Then pour it over the chestnuts and pound all to a smooth paste. Whip up half a pint of cream and place in the centre of a glass or silver dish. Place a coarse wire sieve over it, and rub the pounded chestnuts through it on to the cream, keeping it high in the centre. Garnish with cherries or crystallised violets.

Croûtes au Foie

Take some cooked chicken livers, mince and rub them through a wire sieve, moistening with stock. Heat with a little gravy, butter, pepper, and salt. Have ready a round fried bread croûton and place on it a neat round of fried bacon. Put some of the liver on each and serve very hot.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Gate Beautiful

On this page is illustrated one of the beautiful hammered iron gates which are so noted a speciality of the famous firm of Bayliss, Jones, and Bayliss, Ltd., of Wolverhampton. Iron and steel, plain and ornamental railings, and gates of every description are made by this firm, which has been responsible for the design and manufacture of hammered iron gates of great artistry for private estates and public buildings all over the country. Full particulars of this and other branches of the firm's activities may be obtained on application to the London offices, which are at 139 and 141, Cannon Street, E.C.4.

London to Paris in Comfort

One of the most comfortable and pleasant routes from London to Paris and vice versa is via Newhaven and Dieppe by day or night, or via Southampton and Le Havre on the night service, the Paris terminus of this route being the Gare de Saint-Lazare. Six services are in operation daily, and both the trains and boats represent the last word in comfort and speed. Full particulars are to be obtained from the Southern Railway or, in Paris, at the Saint-Lazare Station of the Southern Railway's office at 13, Rue Auber.

New Year Records

To carry one well into the New Year with fresh enjoyments for fireside evenings, "His Master's Voice" has just issued a tempting list of gramophone records. That great patriotic play, *Cavalcade*, which continues to be the talk of the land, provides a remarkable descriptive disc reviewing in narrative and song thirty-two years of our thrilling history. Clarice Mayne is not only a dashing actress, but she has a splendid recording voice and a sparkling temperament enabling her to re-create the atmosphere of the pantomime or the variety stage. Her expression is so fresh and certain that it is good to hear her in such old favourites as "Over the Garden Wall," "Joshua," and, of course, "I Was a Good Little Girl," which flashed her into fame. Peter Dawson, recently welcomed back from his successful tour to the Antipodes, is in his most courageous mood in two manly ballads which must not be missed. He provides sheer enchantment with "I Travel the Road," the romance of the wanderer, so convincingly worded and sung as to put a suggestion of comfort round a night in the woods even though the wintry wind be howling round the house. Play this record, take your cold bath with rosy enthusiasm, and then go forth fortified by his other rouser, "My Sword and I."

An artistic hammered iron gate. It was made for Mr. C. Mason, of Lancing, Sussex, by Messrs. Bayliss, Jones, and Bayliss, Ltd., whose works are at Wolverhampton

Paul Robeson has made one of the most memorable records of his long list. It is a medley of negro spirituals, and, in addition to Robeson's solos, there is the striking support of a male chorus and Jack Hylton's orchestra—a truly noble production. London will shortly have the pleasure of hearing Charles B. Cochran's latest production, "Helen," and listening to Marek Weber's orchestra playing the selection will whet one's desire to see the comic opera, for the Offenbach airs are delightful, the music glowing like precious stones in a soft light. It was an excellent idea to secure the New Mayfair Orchestra in "Tunes of Not So Long Ago," the merry jingles of less than a decade back when all the world warbled about the shortage of bananas in the retail trade, and similar carefree and entertainingly amusing topics. With music, song, and comic effects this is a cheering collection of well-remembered titles.

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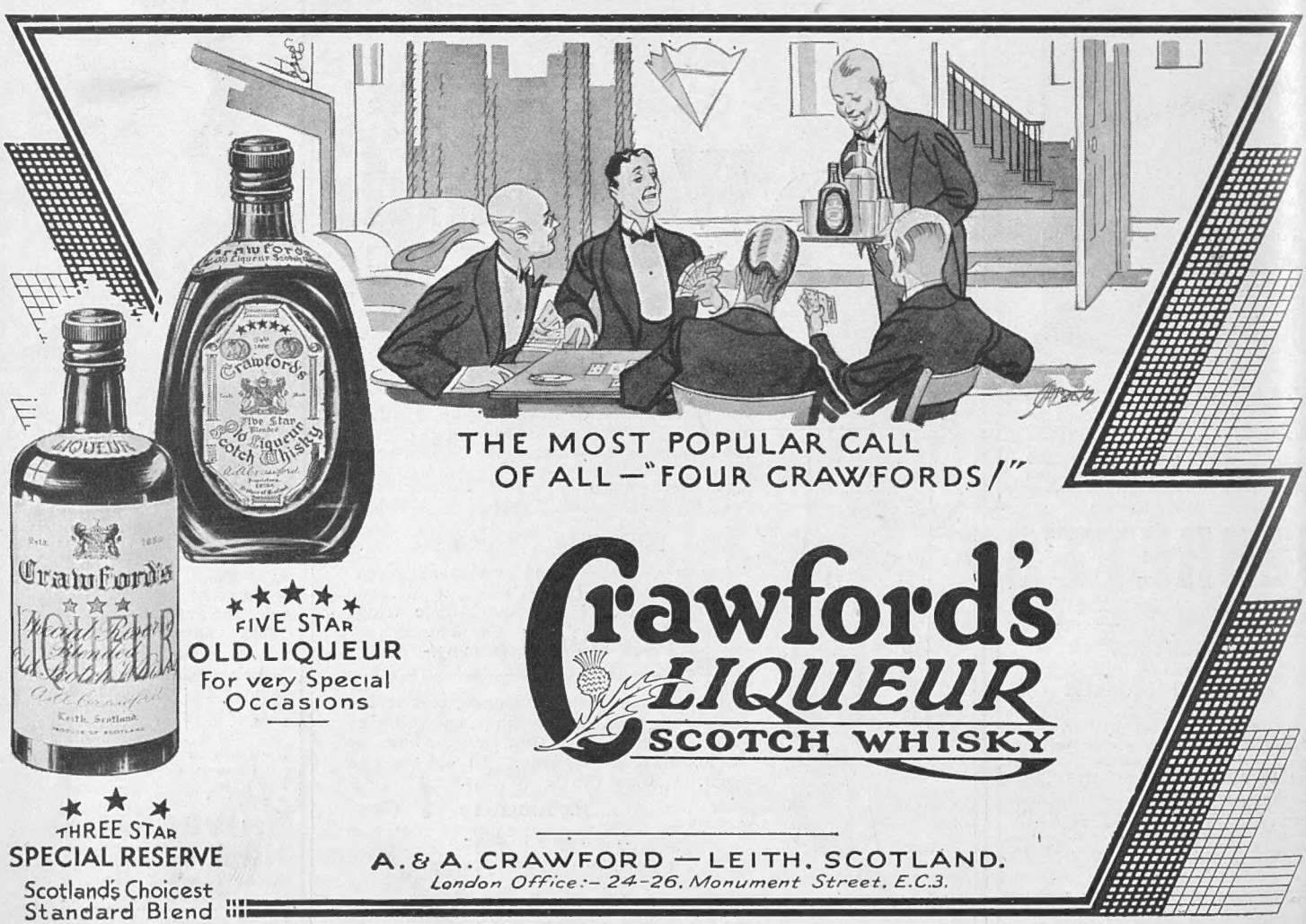

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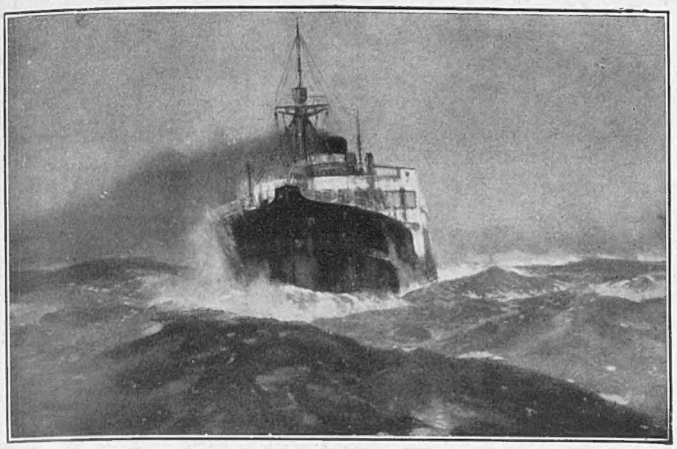

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